The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1574 MAR. 22, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

LIBERTY CRETONNES
NEW & EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS RICH & BEAUTIFUL IN COLOUR
FROM 2/6 A YARD
30 INS WIDE
NEW PATTERNS POST FREE
LIBERTY & CO. LTD. REGENT ST. LONDON. W.1

By Appointment to H M King George V
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST EXTRA Q^TY EXTRA DRY
CHARLES HEIDSIECK

Highly appreciated in the Skies.

Served by Air Union on the "Golden Ray" Aeroplanes.

KEEP IT IN YOUR BATH-ROOM
Never be without a bottle of LAROLA.
It is a toilet essential to every woman who studies her appearance and cares to retain the charms of her sex.
BEETHAMS Larola
is a non-greasy, non-sticky toilet milk for gentle self-massage of hands, arms, neck and face. It prevents chapping and roughness, leaving a delicate white, velvety bloom of perfect skin health. Don't experiment with others, insist on LAROLA.
From all Chemists and Stores in bottles, 1/6 and 2/6, or post free direct.
If your Complexion be too pale, try Larola Rose Bloom—it's lovely, 1/- per box.
LAROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

The SUPER Brand Spinet-Oval CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
20 for 1/3
Pocket tin of 10 for 8d.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA
HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd.,
(Dept. 29), 30/34, Mincing Lane,
London, E.C. 3.

A most refreshing beverage for dyspeptics and invalids and all who enjoy exquisite flavour.
¼-LB. FREE.
Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3 - and 3/8 qualities—making in all a free ¼-lb. of the world's finest China Tea.
There is also a super quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of which will be included on receipt of an additional 6d.

A GREAT WORK WITH A GREAT OBJECT.
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
Over 28,000 poor boys and girls have been given a chance in life, and have been trained to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire.
10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
1,100 children are always being maintained.
FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED
to prevent curtailment of any Branch of the Society's Work.
Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, Countess of Harewood. FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. *President:* H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. *Chairman and Treasurer:* FRANCIS H. CLAYTON, Esq. *Deputy Chairman:* LORD DARYNGTON. *Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee:* HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq. *Secretary:* F. BRIAN PELLY, A.F.C.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2.
THE SOCIETY PLEADS FOR LEGACIES AND BEQUESTS.

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LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, Etc.
Originators of Electro Plate
and Sole Manufacturers of Elkington Plate
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
E & CO ELKINGTON PLATE
Marks of Quality.

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Facing the Tuileries Gardens.
In the Centre of PARISIAN LIFE.
COMPLETELY Renovated Refurnished Rebuilt.
PARIS, 3, Rue de Castiglione.
Two minutes' walk from the Concorde, the Opera, the Louvre, the Seine.
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THE BRANDY WITH A PEDIGREE

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V. 58.

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear
Germs Overcome . . . .
Your Cold must disappear

—and this is just how "Vapex" deals with colds.

Whilst the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the germs are not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked. "Vapex" succeeds because it attacks both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief—

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries a powerfully active germicide right into the breeding places of the germs.

Treated in this way your cold must disappear.

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is destroying the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can fly to it at the first sign of a cold—that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Search them out before they can multiply dangerously.

Use "Vapex" and Breathe!

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/- per bottle.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.,
BARDSLEY VALE.

Red Hackle WHISKY

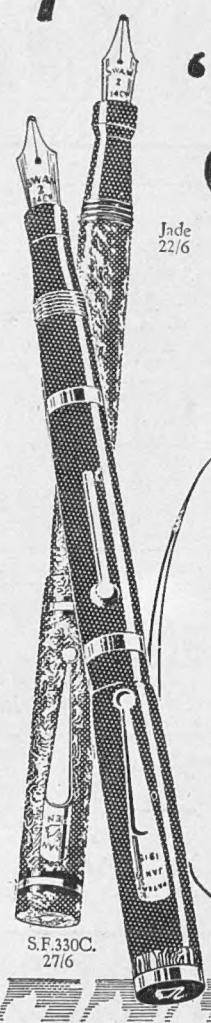
Spats *were issued to the "Black Watch" to commemorate their endurance during the retreat to Corunna. Destitute of the necessaries of life and continually harassed by the enemy, the exhausted Highlanders marched 250 miles over mountainous roads. Boots wore down but shirts were torn into strips to bind their lacerated feet. So originated spats.*

"RED HACKLE" Whisky worthily upholds the honour of this great spirit.
Produced to meet the demand for a whisky of pre-war quality and flavour, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect whisky.
Awarded First Prize in competition open to all whiskies at the Brewers' Exhibition.
Try "Red Hackle" & judge for yourself.
150/- per dozen, carriage paid.
Proprietors: HEPBURN & ROSS,
Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2.

SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLANDS FINEST SPIRIT

You can always rely on 'SWAN' PENS



Wherever you go, your 'Swan' Pen can be depended upon to serve you faithfully, year after year, in any climate.

The 'Swan' writing qualities never change. They ensure always that easy flow which prevents fatigue in writing.

Fitted with the famous 'Swan' 14ct. gold nib, each pointed with osmiridium, you can select just the pen to suit your handwriting.

Self-filling 'Swans' may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/-; Artistic Colours from 17/6, or non-self-filling in Black from 10/6. "Fyne-Poynt" Pencils from 5/- to match 'Swan' Pens.

Illustrated catalogue post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 & 135 Oxford Street, London, W.1

'Swan' Pen Works: Harlesden, London.
'Swan' Ink Works: Dingle, Liverpool.

Absolutely unique
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STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

State Express 555 are made by hand—one at a time—of the unique 555 tobacco leaf—it is for this reason that they are acknowledged the premier high-class cigarettes in every country of the World. Being manufactured of the exclusive best they cost a little more but give perfect smoking pleasure.

STATE EXPRESS
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
555
25 for 2/.

ARDATH TOBACCO
CO. LTD. LONDON

48.A

WHY READ ADVERTISEMENTS!

"Swop papers?"

"Half a minute—I haven't quite finished the advertisements."

"Didn't know you were so keen on them. Seems to me the papers would be much better without all these advertisements."

"And then not only your papers would cost you more, but all the other things that make life worth living."

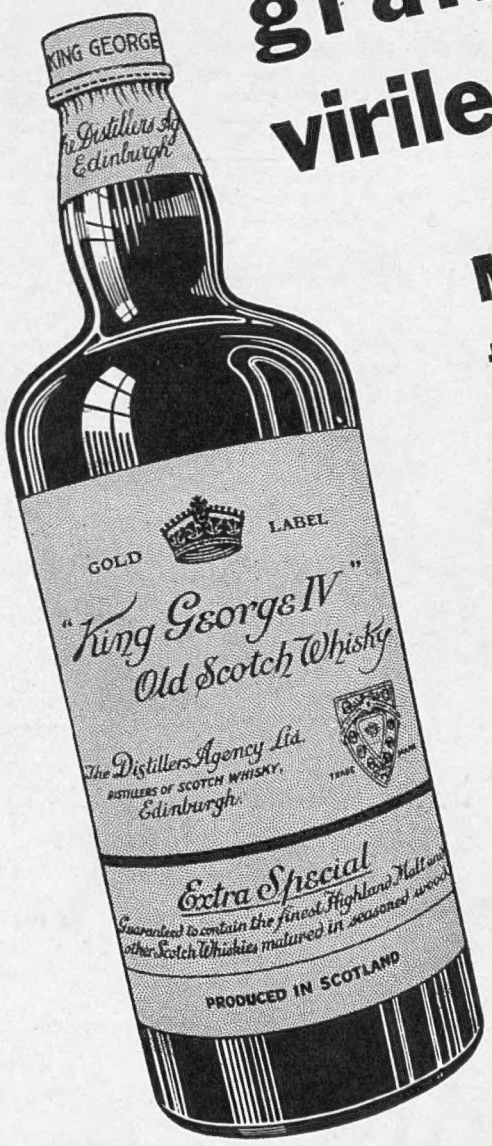
"How d'ye make that out?"

"Quite simply. Advertising, by making known a new invention like wireless or motor-cars or home movie cameras, creates a big demand for these things. The more the manufacturers produce, the cheaper and better they can turn them out. When a thing's not advertised, it usually stays where it was in the year dot. Doesn't improve and seldom gets cheaper."

"There's a thought in that."

"So study your advertisements, my lad. Otherwise you'll be missing a good deal of the news."

Pure Whisky! distilled from the finest materials. That is "King George IV." It contains all the nutriment value of the ripe grain in its most virile form.



Mature. Mellow. A Flavour that can be described only as "King George IV" flavour. It is a truly Royal Spirit. —Unsurpassed for quality.

"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

9058

Preserve the set of your hair in perfect condition all day long. Use Anzora every morning. Anzora — the original — is still the finest hair fixative—and it's British. The bottles at 2/6 contain double the quantity of those at 1/6.

Anzora Cream, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows. Anzora Viola is for dry scalps, and contains a little oil of Violets. Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores.

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Manufactured by
The Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

Cleaver

"MILWATA" REGD. WEATHERPROOFS

are acknowledged by the leading buyers as being

THE SMARTEST
and
MOST RELIABLE IN THE WORLD.

Therefore INSIST on your new Waterproof being a "MILWATA."

"THE PENDINE" at 32/9
is a very smart Waterproofed Leather Model for 1930; stocked in Navys, Browns, Reds, Saxe, and Greens.

Wholesale Only:
H. E. Mills, Ltd.
'MILWATA' HOUSE,
18, Wells Street, London, W.1

The "PENDINE" at **32/9**

Owing to many inferior imitations of this coat on the Market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the ticket.

IRISH LINEN SHEETS

Z Quality Irish Linen Sheets—a strong, heavy line of linen that will be found very durable.

Hemstitched Yds. Size.	
2 × 3 single bed,	per pair .. 19/6
2½ × 3 double bed,	„ „ .. 27/11

PILLOW CASES

Irish Linen Pillow Cases to match the above.

Size	
20 × 30 ins.	Hemmed & buttoned 20×30 in. 1/10 each
	Hemstitched & „ 20×30 in. 2/11 each

Coloured Dress Linen

"Banmore." One of our most popular qualities in a lovely range of colours
36 ins. wide. Per Yard **1/9**

You will save money by purchasing from us, knowing if you are not satisfied the goods will be taken back, and the money refunded.

Patterns sent Post Free.

Carriage & C.O.D. paid on orders of 20/- upwards.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd.
THE LINEN HALL, REGENT ST.
LONDON, W. 1.

SPECIAL OFFER TO MEN

Without risk you can try a better way of shaving. Purchase a tube of "Field-Day." Give it a fair trial. If you are not entirely satisfied that "Field Day" fulfils the claims set out below, return the tube to us and we will refund the purchase price and postage.

BETTER SHAVES WITH "FIELD-DAY"

1. "Field-Day" gives a perfectly smooth, clean shave in a much shorter time than soap and brush.
2. "Field-Day" soothes tender skins.
3. "Field day" makes blades last longer.
4. "Field-Day" shaving is in every way preferable to soap shaving.

That we can make the above offer is proof of our complete confidence in "Field-Day."

"FIELD DAY"

awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene, is sold by chemists and stores in 1/3 and 6d. tubes.

Write to Dept. "S."

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Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge

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GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- per box
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Will clean your carpets like new. Send Id. stamp for sample. Sold everywhere. F. Chivers & Co., Ltd., 12, Albany Works, Bath.

9D. BALL

Something New & better!

WATSON'S

"VISTA" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

Wherever you would have used binoculars you can use a Watson's "VISTA." Gives equal definition, magnification, and far easier focusing than bulky, heavy binoculars. Of same construction as prism binoculars but consisting of one barrel only. An ideal companion that can be taken with you on all occasions, making the sudden happening easily discernible and enjoyable. Is but 4 ins. long and weighs 7 ozs. Magnification 8 diameters.

Complete in soft leather bag, for pocket or handbag.
Price **£3-17-6**

Write for full particulars:
W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
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Gladness.

Benger's Food brings gladness to the many who suffer from the pain and discomfort of a weak digestion, or the nervous conditions arising from dyspepsia.

As Benger's is quickly assimilated, its soothing benefits are soon felt.

BENGER'S Food

Regd. TRADE MARK.

Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, *etc.*

Descriptive Booklet post free

245a BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester.

SKIDS are caused by unequal tyre pressures. Get pressures right and keep them right with a Schrader Gauge.

Test Your Tyres every FRIDAY

with a Schrader Gauge. From all Dealers: price 7/6

A. Schrader's Son, Inc. Offices and Main Distribution Stores: 26-29 New Street, Westminster, S.W.1

Be sure it's a "Schrader": Look for the name. (Regd. Trade Mark)

There is a distinct difference in our new wave—this Spring of 1930! The hair has that soft, clinging look as if slightly damped by a dewy English morn . . . indeed it is the real hyacinth curl of the classics . . . revived and so much admired during the Italian Renaissance.

We achieve it by super permanent waving, the hair afterwards being finger modelled by Emile artists.

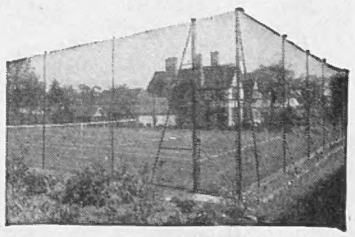
PERMANENT HAIR WAVING AND CURLING. TINTING. POSTICHE.

EMILE LTD.

24-25 CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Write for Illustrated Brochures or 'phone Mayfair 6263 (3 lines) for appointment.

Tennis Court Surrounds



A complete surround—120 ft. × 60 ft. × 9 ft. high.

£24 : 6 : 0

There are various heights and styles.

Write for Catalogue 991.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD. · NORWICH

London Office: 139, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

LOWESTOFT & OULTON BROAD

DRY BRACING AIR
HIGH CLASS CONCERTS and MILITARY BANDS
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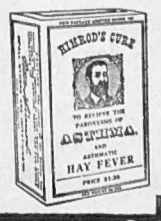
Illustrated Booklet free (Post 2½d) from Sec, Information Bureau 31 Royal Plain Lowestoft, or any L·N·E·R or L·M·S Inquiry Office.

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.



HIMROD'S Asthma Cure

Why go Grey!

HINDES' HAIR TINT

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists Hairdressers & Stores 2/6 or direct:

HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London

BELL-HOWELL

THE PERFECT CINE CAMERA

Ask to see Filmo 70-D. Its 7 speeds and three lens turret conquer light, distance, and speed. Will take slow movies and Kodacolor. Uses fireproof film — absolutely safe.

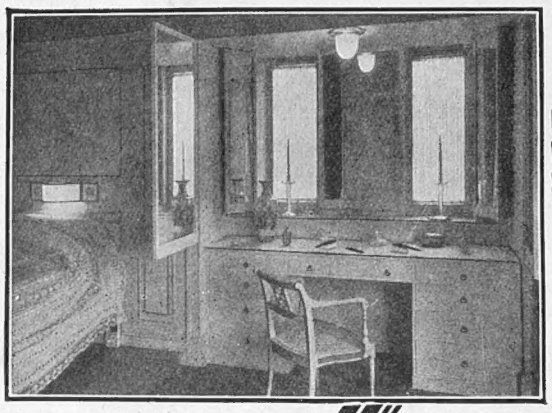
Call for a free demonstration or write for literature. Also list of all Cameras, Binoculars, etc. Cine or ordinary Cameras taken in exchange.

WALLACE HEATON LTD

119 New Bond St. & 47 Berkeley St. W.1.

GET

Colourful Spring in Your Home!



A room at the Gazeway Showhouse, Surbiton.

LET US QUOTE YOU

In these days colour has a fascination of its own, and your home, both outside and in, calls you to give it that individuality which should be your very own, by judicious treatment of colour. Every feature can be enhanced by the colour combination of your own fancy. As leaders of fashion in decoration we can help you if you will write or 'phone.

THE GAZEWAY

W. H. GAZE & SONS, LTD.

BUILDING & DECORATIVE CRAFTSMEN,

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VAN HEUSEN

Semi-stiff

COLLARS

for smartness and comfort

Ask your outfitter—judge for yourself

Entirely BRITISH MADE

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In Six Styles
Quarter Sizes

1/6 *each*

COLOURED and STRIPED Designs
In Style 11 only
Half Sizes

Sole Manufacturers:
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.
KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1.

Willing

GOLF WEEK at GAMAGES STARTS MARCH 31st

GOLFERS!

GAMAGES—The Greatest Sports House in the World—invite You to the Finest

GOLFING DISPLAY

ever seen in London.

Apart from the Professionals, who will gladly give advice on any point—there will be a wonderful exhibition of everything new in Sport, both in equipment and clothing for Men and Women. There will also be a special display of the new Steel Shaft Club.

The following Professionals will be in Attendance:—

J. H. TAYLOR
H. VARDON
H. C. JOLLY
M. SEYMOUR
ALEX HERD
TED RAY
L. HOLLAND
G. T. ADAMS

REMEMBER THE DATE
MARCH 31st—APRIL 4th

GAMAGES—HOLBORN

LONDON, E.C. 1

Telephone: Holborn 8434

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105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

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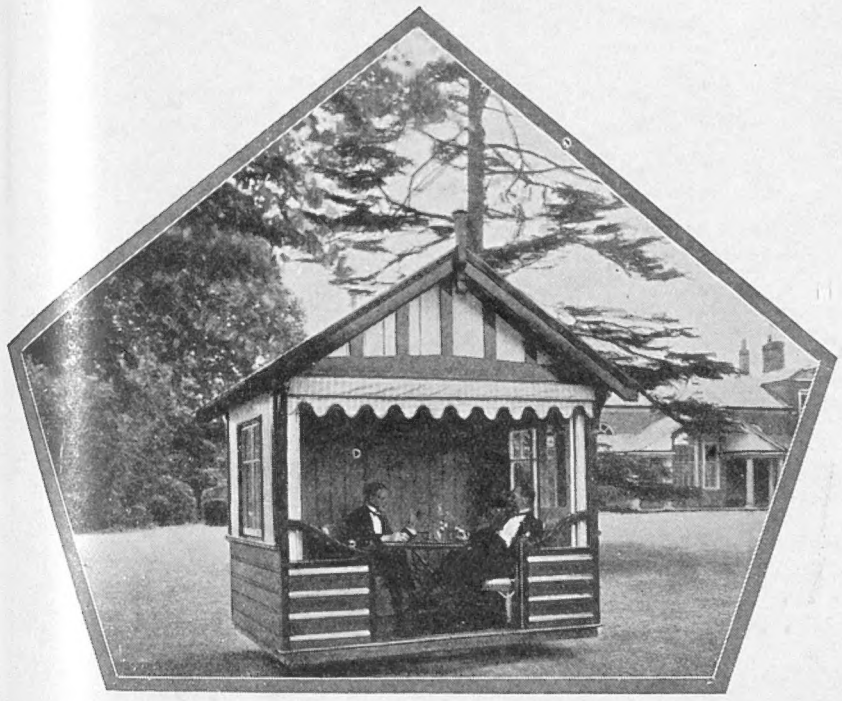
"SNIP"
(Regd.)
An attractive "pull-on" felt, further enhanced by a two-toned trimming. 30/-
Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London reference.



THE WORLD FORGOTTEN

In the garden it is quiet. The air is fresh. One may talk, read, think, work, do nothing, in utter relief. For a space one . . . forgets. Peoples and the clamour vanish.

BOULTON & PAUL Revolving Garden Shelters. *Health Houses.* There are many charming designs. *Write for Booklet* 992.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD., NORWICH, and 139, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4
('Phone: Cent. 4642)

Sit in the example illustrated at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Stand No. 196, Olympia. March 24—April 17

Here in the Lingerie Salon at Swan & Edgar are the most charming and exquisite undergarments for day and nightwear. The illustrations below are typical of the good values that rule throughout this section.

Dainty Lace Wool Bed Jacket, edged with swansdown to match. Light in weight and beautifully warm. In pastel shades of sky, pink, nil, lemon, helio or white - - 11/9

Locknit Artificial Silk Pyjama showing the new low back prettily embroidered with garland of flowers. The full cut trousers are finished with wide stitched belt made to button with pearl buttons at side. In white, black, pink, lupine, geranium, lemon or nil 29/11

Lingerie: Fourth Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar, Ltd. London, W.1 'Phone: Regent 1616

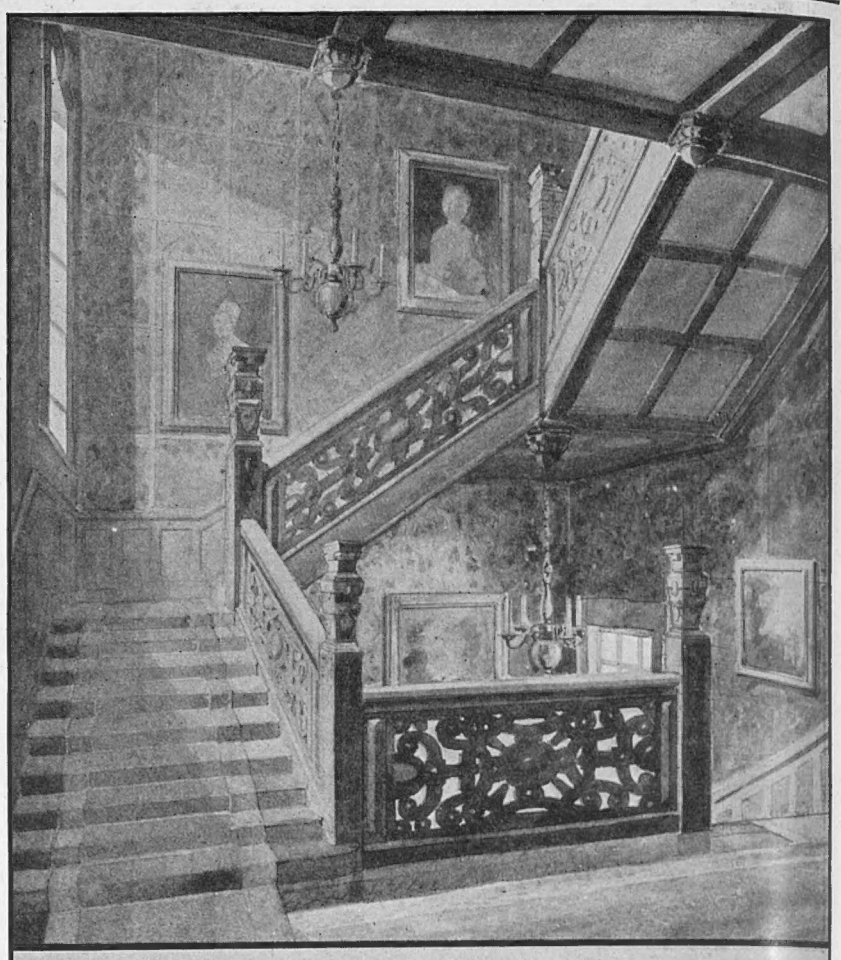
ORIENT LINE CRUISES

DID YOU EVER

try a sea-going holiday? You have no idea how healthy it can be. Perfect comfort, first-class catering, deck tennis, swimming bath, dancing. Beautiful old-world cities to explore

Ask for illustrated programme.

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD., 35 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3



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DESIGNS & ESTIMATES PREPARED FREE
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Leading House
for Fancy Dress
∴ and ∴
Period Costumes.

: OFFICIAL :
: COSTUMIERS :
to the
Stoke-on-Trent
Historical Pageant
and
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M. HUNTBACH & Co., Ltd.
HANLEY, Stoke-on-Trent.

Sports Wear Section First Floor.

An Essentially Cosy Golf Jacket

Fashioned from suede with close-fitting collar, cuffs and waist of woven stockinette. The darts at shoulders ensure ample freedom. In all leading shades. Sizes from 36 in. bust ... ... 3 Gns.

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OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1
Magasins du Louvre (Paris and London), Ltd. Telephone: Mayfair 0400

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1574 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d. } London, March 22, 1930

ENEMY MONARCHS now FRIENDLY KINGS.

From left to right are: Sir Robert Brooke-Topham, King Ibn Saaud, King Feisal, Sir Francis Humphrys

A tremendous step towards peace in Islam was taken when King Feisal of Iraq and King Ibn Saaud of the Nejd met on board the warship H.M.S. *Lupin* under the ægis of Sir Francis Humphrys, High Commissioner for Iraq. The joint monarchs of the Arabs held a private conference and discovered many bonds of union, bonds which were embodied in a *protocol* of nineteen clauses which embodies three vital clauses:

(1) An undertaking to settle disputes over the interpretation of the treaty by arbitration.
(2) Ibn Saaud's acceptance of a proposal to give favourable consideration to Iraqi claims for reparations arising from the raids of recent years.
(3) Nejd accepts the Iraqi point of view in regard to the maintenance of police posts in the Southern Desert.

The two kings are here seen on the *Lupin*

A London News-Letter.

Picture by Pollard Crowther

THE CHARTER OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW: A scene from the exquisite play of Rahere now being acted in St. Bartholomew's Church for the benefit of St. Barts.' Funds. The central character is seen receiving the charter founding the hospital and the church in the "Smoothfield"

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, March 12, 1930.

When Comes the Promised Time?—With alternate hope and pessimism the Naval Conference drags on with all its first fine rapture faded out. Now it is a question of figures, now of fundamental policy. I struggle to comprehend the figures and to sympathise with the national aspirations of five leading Powers in civilization. I cannot forget that under the Pact of Paris in 1928 all nations including the U.S. and Russia, renounced war altogether as an instrument of National Policy, and undertook never to settle their disputes except by pacific means. It is pardonable to mutter "Gilbertian." But Rome was not built in a day, and suspicion has had 40,000 years to dig itself in. We are told to go on hoping for a happy issue.

Axe Me no More.—A few weeks ago I painted a little picture of Mr. Shaw at work in the War Office seeking ways and means of economising on our land forces. It was rather an intimate little picture, like one of those snapshots of public diners. And it has been found to depict very accurately Mr. Shaw struggling with opposing loyalties. It is indeed a comfort to know that here at least bedrock has been reached and that all parties in the State agree that we have for the time being axed our Army to the ultimate danger-point. For it is clear to all that you can only reduce your reserves by increasing their mobility. In other words, if you feel bound to fetter the free transport of your land forces in times of trouble you cannot go on reducing their strength. The British Empire cannot afford to make simultaneous peace offerings both on land and sea. It is possible that the clear avowal of "Thus far and no further," which the trifling reduction in the Army Estimates indicates, will do something to revive our drooping interest in soldiering as a profession for our sons.

A Majority of Eight. — Colonel Lane Fox's amendment to the Coal Bill brought about a not unexpected Government defeat. This most vicious and short-sighted example of panic and sentimentalist legislation had three times brought Mr. MacDonald to the verge of defeat, and at last the Opposition remembered its responsibility to the country and made a faint gesture of unanimity. It does not seem to me that this defeat shook the Government, it merely shook a bolt or two out of a bad Bill, a Bill which aimed to benefit one industry and to cripple further all the rest, a Bill which is nothing more than a rashly-drawn cheque to cash a bad promise. The Government was shaken to its foundations before the minor reverse, and the terms of the Coal Bill have played a big part in discrediting its authors. Only last week I heard a member of the Cabinet declare that the weakness of the Labour Party lay in its total inability to take the broad view. It can never see the whole picture because always its eye is distracted by this tree, by that little figure, by a straw in the foreground, a rock in the middle distance. It is very true.

Author and Subject.—I have read and watch with interest the success of Maurois's *Byron*. If asked to name a subject which was for ten years at least played out *ad nauseam*, I should have said that subject was Byron. We have picked his poor bones into dust and ashes. Even the Great War, as a literary forlorn hope, is not so mouldering. On the other hand, there is Maurois who adorns and revives whatever skeleton he digs up and we have been forewarned about his Byron for a long, long time. Will Maurois triumph again in spite of his subject, or because of his subject? Or will Maurois perhaps suffer a mild check? My own view is that Maurois will triumph in spite of his subject. Although we are used to, and perhaps relish, running things to death (like Ford cars), I feel sure that the reading public is indeed, for a decade at least, sick to death of the very name of Byron and his loves, and his caddishness. His genius no one cares to read about. N.B.—Read Maurois's *Byron* in English. The translated lyrics are ludicrous.

"A Deep Depression. . . . ."—Sad is that penman's task who day by day must find a new phrase with which to describe the absence of business on 'Change. "Quiet," "slack," "uninteresting," "hesitant," these adjectives are long ago exhausted. On Monday one can of course blame it on "the resumption following the week-end," and Thursday is hailed with relief by the chronicler because "interest is not likely to revive until after the week-end." But Tuesday and Wednesday are hard nuts to digest unless they precede, follow, or coincide with a settlement or, of course, are remotely related to a holiday, the Boat Race, the National, or other public circus.

Sitting Tight.—But indeed it is no subject for a jest. The junior firms of brokers, young associations hopefully formed on the crest of the boom, who depend rather on the private business of friends and relations than on the automatic investment of moneys by great corporations, banks, insurance and trust companies, are going through anxious times to-day. Redundant staffs can only be retained by the sacrifices of the partners; office rent and overhead, a fleabite of £10,000 a year in good times, are now a grievous burden, and a junior partner who drew £4,000 as his first year's earnings in 1927, is lucky to be sure of £500 in the current year. If you, a broker, cheerfully invested the available capital of your friends and relations not long ago in Dunlops at 33s., in Vickers at 15s., in American Celanese at 19, in British Celanese at 5½, you cannot expect to turn over much of their capital to-day, nor to interest them in proposals of sale and re-investment. It is just a question for broker and client alike of sitting tight and whistling for the dawn. The dawn always breaks at last over Throgmorton Street, and the good times will come again, quite inexplicably, quite suddenly, quite independent of trade conditions.

History as she is Filmed.—Sir Ian Malcolm, with indisputable authority, has scheduled some of the gross historical inaccuracies of the film *D'Israeli*. Doubtless the answer to his charges is that the film is but based on incidents in the career of D'Israeli, and is merely a picture of the times. If so, it would be more decent to veil the name of D'Israeli under an alias, as Rothschild's name is camouflaged, and to label the film as fiction and not as historical fact. The educational value of the cinema is not enhanced by such films as *D'Israeli*, high class and meritorious as it is. We have apparently to accept the bitter truth that Englishmen are not competent to translate purely British legend, lore, and history for the cinema; we are forced to accept it that foreigners only are eligible for this task.

A Ha'p'orth of Tar.—And accepting this pill, I still remain amazed that with all the thousands of pounds of foreign money poured out on elaborate and unimportant details for these pictures, a small sum is not allocated to employing some Englishman versed in English social usage to blue pencil some of the ignorance and absurdity that spoils the sense of reality in a film of English "Society." Take a trifling example. A British viscount is announced at the garden party as "Viscount ——" instead of "Lord ——." Any unemployed cadet of the old aristocracy would for a trifling fee ensure the exclusion of such *laches* from films of this sort. But no. Your foreign producer is omniscient. He is like the French hotel-keeper who is so sure of his ability to write the King's English that he feels not a moment's anxiety concerning the style and grammar of his printed bedroom instructions.

From the Ogilvy Point of View.—They assure me that the age we live in will be regarded, when we are all dead and forgotten, as a very romantic age indeed. But at the moment we are all very glad to taste romance brewed in another age. And hence it is that novel after novel is published on one of the most romantic themes in history, the frail and foolish venture which ended along President Forbes's Park wall on Culloden Moor. In 1928 Miss Winifred Duke sucked the orange pretty dry with her *Scotland's Heir*, but nevertheless we are promised another brew of orangeade from the hand of Lady Kitty Vincent. I fancy it will not neglect the Ogilvy share in the campaign. Lady Kitty is an Ogilvy, the eldest sister of Lord Airlie and well known as a sprightly journalist, who has set ten thousand shop-girls and typists on the right road, told them how to write a letter of condolence to a marchioness, and where to buy and to apply their vanishing cream. Miss Duke made out the Lord Ogilvy of the '45 to be a mere play-boy of the prince. Lady Kitty may have another tale to tell of the Ogilvys, and I feel very sure she will make a splendid drama of that lamentable forty minutes on sad Drummossie Moor. I shall read her *Fiery Cross*.

The Days of Our Age.—Last week died Lord Coventry, born in 1838, and Lady Louisa Charteris, born in 1836, each having outlived the Biblical age-limit by more than twenty years. Lord Coventry was a peer for eighty-six years, and as pointed out in *The Times*, was a fellow-peer with Lord Lynedoch who was born in 1748. He was the most charming old man to look at that ever I saw, gay, brave, and smiling to the last. When he came up to Lord's in the summer, in brown coat and the inevitable button-hole, the somewhat melancholy atmosphere of the Pavilion sensibly lightened, and in the members' room all the pundits of cricket would rise to welcome in the grand old man. What changes he has witnessed in his long life. He was an undergraduate of Christ Church when the Indian Mutiny took place, and he was a favourite, nay a friend, of the Iron Duke. Lady Coventry's death within three days of his—making possible burial together — seemed aptly to crown the triumph of their success as partners in the business of life.

The Secret of Long Life?—Lady Louisa, too, was an interesting link with the Waterloo era. She was a daughter of the sixth Earl of Albemarle, who fought at Waterloo in the 14th Regiment. She was sister of Lady Augusta Noel, whose fine novel of Highland life — *From Generation to Generation*—has lately been revived. Lady Augusta's husband, Mr. Ernest Noel, seven years senior to Lord Coventry, is still living, still active-minded, and just reaching his hundredth year! We cite instances of longevity and find no common factor in them. Centenarians are by disposition jolly and melancholy, physically strong and weak, drinkers and smokers or life-long abstainers, the victims or the favourites of circumstance, calm or fussy. We know nothing yet of the secrets of longevity.

Primo de Rivera. — The great Dictator's death followed hard on his retirement and he almost died in harness. In an age of fog and uncertainty, one thing has proved itself: that the responsibility of leadership under modern conditions is a prime shortener of life. The responsibilities and anxieties that fall to dictators, army commanders in war, and leaders of States in time of crisis, are more than a man's constitution is fitted to endure, and the heart gives under the strain. We have had half-a-dozen melancholy proofs in the past five years.

This Freedom. — Before the next issue, the freedom of the road will be won—and lost. The spring motor licences will be taken out and the joys of the open road once more at the command of the frugal millions. Those of us who winter and summer use the roads because we must, regard with disfavour March 25. It means the addition of fifteen minutes to the time taken for a forty-mile run into London, and it means also considerably more wear and tear to the car and the driver's tissues. But I have not been idle in the dark days. I have prowled or stumbled on three little private by-path routes whereby, with little additional mileage, the three bottle-neck country towns on my inexorable route will be cut out, spurned, and avoided. These discoveries I am not making public even if stamped envelopes are enclosed. From this time forward it will be every man for himself on the King's highway, and the coolest head and hardest heart will doubtless survive longest and laugh loudest. The state of the motor-roads next August Bank Holiday is a question of gravest anxiety for me. I hope to keep the festival in my garden.

THE OLD STAGER.

"THEY WENT TOGETHER": The late Earl and Countess of Coventry, who died within a few days of one another

A PERSONAL VIEW of the WEEK

Athletics, Society, Charity, and Official

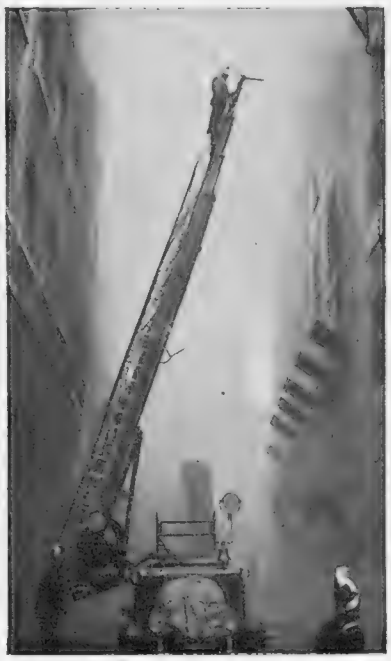
THE CULMINATION OF A WINTER-SPORTS ROMANCE: Miss Maysie Gasque, the heiress of the head of the English Woolworth organizations, and her fiancé, Mr. John Robinson, barrister-at-law

ITALIAN MASTERS COME TO LIFE: Lady Cynthia Asquith as "Madonna" in one of the tableaux at the Prince of Wales's Theatre held next month in aid of the General Lying-in Hospital. The tableaux will be absolutely accurate as Mrs. Eleanor Abbey has planned many devices to ensure perfection

THE LORD MAYOR OPENS A SUN-RAY CLINIC: Sir William Waterlow is seen above inspecting the new clinic at the Institute of Ray Therapy, Camden Road. The only portion of the body that must be kept concealed is the eyes. *Above, on left*—AN ENGLISH GIRL IN A GRECIAN POSE: Miss Stocker of the London Polytechnic training for the discus throw. She, in common with other members of the Women's A.A.A., are training hard for the International Games to be held at Prague in September

THE FIRE DEMON AGAIN BUSY

FIRE IN A PAPER WAREHOUSE: Firemen playing the hoses on the roof of Messrs. Tanner's establishment, Primrose Hill, Fleet Street. Gas-masked fire-fighters—a post-War phenomenon—are seen breaking through the roof



FROM A GREAT HEIGHT: A fireman directs his hose from the top of a lofty fire-escape

BRASS HAT AND SMOK HELMET: Two of the fir men at the great Cit fire

REYNARD RUNS ON SNOWY GROUND

DESPITE THE SNOW: The huntsman takes a stirrup-cup when the Quorn meet at Woodhouse Eaves

THE SCOTT–SHARKEY FILM: A moment from the Scott-Sharkey fight film, showing Scott in front and Sharkey's arm on left

A ROYAL ENTRANT: H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester mounted on Bowhead in the Nomination Open at the South Oxfordshire Hunt Point-to-Point at Poppet's Hill, Stoke Talmage

VISITORS FROM THE EARTH'S FOUR CORNERS

THE CHIEF OF BECHUANALAND: Chief Tsche-Kedi-Khama, who is visiting England. The chief is seen with the little daughter of his host, Mr. Whiting of Farnham

HIGH PRIEST OF BUDDHA IN JAPAN: Gondaisojo Nichishu Noguch a picturesque figure in purple robes, a conical head-dress, and a pearl bracelet on the left wrist—the robes in which he attends ordinary service. He is on a world mission to the Buddhists in the Occident

GUARANTEED SHAMROCK—ST. PATRICK'S DAY

PRINCESS MARY AND THE IRISH GUARDS: The 17th—St. Patrick's Day—is, of course, suitably honoured by the Irish Guards. A parade was held at the Tower of London, at which Princess Mary took the salute and distributed shamrock to the officers and men

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN IRELAND: High Mass celebrated in Collins Barracks, Dublin. The Rev. Father Ryan, Chaplain-General of the Free State, is seen above

CATS AND DOGS HAVE THEIR DAY

A DESCENDANT OF BAST: Major Woodiwise's Woodroffe Brutus, one of the thirty Abyssynian cats in Britain, at the show held at Holborn

DOG OF THE SNOWS: An English St. Bernard prize-winner at the Irish Kennel Club Show, held in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day

CHAMPIONS ALL: Mrs. Whitehead, the owner of the famous kennels at Ifield, Sussex, with three Pekingese champions—Chumee, Biddie, and Pansee

A CLEVER CINEMA SCHEME

WOMEN TO SCAN THE SKIES: Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, at the new observatory at the Bedford College for Women, Regent's Park, which he opened recently. The telescope through which one of the undergraduates is looking was used in 1873 at the Royal Artillery Institution for the instruction of officers. It fell into disuse when the technical education was altered. The Astronomer Royal, hearing that Bedford College needed a telescope, presented it to the College. The object-glass is 7 in. in diameter, its focal length 9 ft.

LORD OSSULSTON PROJECTS in the cinema made from an outbuilding on Chillingham Castle Estate for the benefit of the tenants

RUSSIA TO-DAY: BACK to SERFDOM.

The Second Peasant Revolution

By LANCELOT LAWTON

KULAKS OF RUSSIA: Typical peasants who have made a little money and as such are persecuted

For nearly fourteen years the Russian peasantry has thwarted Bolshevism. A little while ago Stalin resolved to bring about its socialization by methods of undisguised compulsion. As a consequence a second revolution, not less frightful than the first, is now raging in Russia. The purpose of this revolution is to accomplish changes much more profound than those that put the Bolsheviks into power in 1917.

This assault upon the peasantry is meeting with stubborn resistance. Much of this resistance is passive, but for that reason none the less formidable. Centuries of oppression have developed in the *moujik* a bright talent for evasiveness within the limits of the law. Bolshevism, therefore, now finds itself confronted with that same cunning obstinacy which for centuries baffled Tsarism in all its dealings with the peasantry. Of the two, Bolshevism is the more ruthless.

Not wholly passive is the resistance of the peasantry, much of it is also active. Frequently Communists are murdered. Frequently also the peasants "let loose the red cock"; that is to say are guilty of incendiary crimes. And hardly a day passes without a number of peasants being shot, and a still larger number imprisoned or exiled to far regions. The Bolsheviks, I know, will say that they are only warring with a section of the peasantry, the *kulaks*. Such a reply touches directly the essence of the matter.

What is a *kulak?* And why should a *kulak* suffer extermination?

Neither question is at all easy to answer. The Bolsheviks themselves have furnished varied definitions of a *kulak*. It was a term much in use long before the Revolution to designate the peasant who had amassed a little wealth. Together with the landowner he was the object of envy in the village.

When insurrection came both alike suffered expropriation. But whereas the landlord was wholly dispossessed and driven out, the *kulak* was reduced to the common level and his presence tolerated. Thus a distinction was made between treatment of peasant and nobleman.

It is commonly supposed that the primary cause of the agrarian revolution of 1917 was land hunger. Certainly the peasants were convinced that their impoverishment was due solely to insufficiency of land, and the discontented intelligentsia encouraged them in this belief. But after the Revolution this insufficiency endured. It is true that more land then became available, but at the same time more proprietors were brought into being.

The condition of re-division was the working capacity of each peasant household. As a consequence the number of peasant households increased from fifteen to twenty-two millions. Later, owing to further re-division and the natural growth of population, this total rose to twenty-five millions. The destruction of well-cultivated estates and the multiplication of primitive dwarf households led to disastrous results. The production of cereals fell off. At one time no country exported more grain than Russia. In most years since the Revolution, far from having a surplus to send abroad she has had difficulty in raising sufficient corn wherewith to feed her own people. Unable to secure land, millions of peasants have been forced to migrate into the towns. Since Soviet industry was incapable of supporting these superfluous masses, distress and unemployment reached colossal dimensions.

Nothing that the Government did alleviated the situation. When War Communism was abandoned in 1921 the *kulak* at once reappeared. In many instances this *kulak* was the same peasant who had been ruined by the Revolution, and who, so soon as it relaxed its severity, was able to rebuild his fortune again. Then acute controversy began as to what constituted a *kulak*. When all prejudice had been put aside, the admission could not be avoided that wealth was often the reward of diligence. Was diligence therefore to be penalized? If so, less corn would be grown, and the difficulty of feeding the population would be accentuated.

In practice the *kulak* was found to be very useful if not indeed indispensable. State institutions confessed that they preferred to have dealings with him rather than with the poorer peasant. Often the poor themselves agreed that without him they could not have survived; for he gave both credit and employment when neither were forthcoming from the State. Yet severe disabilities were imposed upon him. He was disfranchised and heavily taxed.

Sanely regarded, the whole discussion concerning *kulaks* was futile. Judged by normal standards even these plutocrats of the village were miserably poor. A peasant owning three cows officially came within the condemned category of the wealthy. But anyone possessed of an article which his neighbour lacked might also be included.

To such extremity was persecution carried that none but the bravest dared to become rich. Out of 125,000,000 peasants, *kulaks* together with their families numbered not more than 6,000,000.

Fourteen years ago, in order to gain the support of the peasants, who composed the overwhelming majority of the population, the Bolsheviks encouraged them to seize the land. Nominally, the land was subsequently nationalized. Actually, it remained the individual property of the peasants. The Soviet leaders gave their assent to the fact accomplished as readily as before they had given it to action contemplated—that is, to seizure of land. Deliberately they compromised with the individualism of the enormous population of the countryside that they might be at liberty to socialize the smaller population of the towns. In this way they maintained themselves in power and preserved a semblance of unity between peasants and proletariat.

COLLECTIVISATION: Kulaks deported from their homes under Stalin's new policy which has outrun its purpose

For a time, during the period known as War Communism, they abandoned compromise and sought by forcible means to socialize the peasantry. But only catastrophe resulted. Then the compromise was resumed in the form of the new Economic Policy. Thereupon, as I have already explained, the *kulak* reappeared on the scene. A few years went by and the Revolution found itself in an impasse. If the peasants were to be allowed to enrich themselves the proportion of *kulaks* would increase. At best a Utopia consisting of petty bourgeoisie would emerge, an issue always dreaded by Lenin. In that event the Bolshevik power would inevitably perish. On the other hand, if the peasants were kept poor, production would continue to decline, hunger spread, and the future be dark. It was claimed that as a consequence of the re-division of land the bulk of the peasantry had moved up from the poor into the middle category, the comparative totals being 7 millions to 112 millions. The difference in the incomes of the two was small, amounting at the outside to £4 yearly. But despite the passion of the Bolsheviks for equality they considered that it would be not merely impolitic but purposeless to thrust the middle peasants back to the bottom ranks of poverty. For this class was the mainstay of production and the basis of Bolshevik power in the countryside. Yet the fact remained that production was inadequate and power unstable.

Stalin's solution was forced collectivisation. Such collectivisation assumed varied forms, the chief being vast State domains, some as extensive as the largest English counties. The contracts by which the peasants were bound to these domains created conditions much harsher than serfdom. All produce was to be taken over by the State at fixed prices. Past experience shows that such prices will always be determined not by economic principles but by the financial straits of the Government. Each peasant was allowed to retain as his own personal property no more than a small plot, a cow, a few pigs, and chickens, and from these resources was expected largely to feed himself and his family.

The *kulaks* were not to be admitted to the socialised paradises. Nor were they to be allowed to remain as *kulaks*. Their physical extermination was resolved upon. They were to be evicted from their farms, dispossessed of everything and driven out into the wilderness. Strange and sinister have been the consequences of this ruthless policy. The number of peasants who flocked into State farms so exceeded Stalin's expectation as to arouse his distrust and even alarm. It was said that nearly 50 per cent. of all peasant households in the Soviet Union submitted themselves to collectivisation.

What was the reason for this amazing transformation? Could it be that the Russian peasant had become converted overnight to Socialism? Or was the whole business a preposterous sham? The latter explanation proved to be nearer the truth. In collectivisation the peasants were taking refuge from the perils and precariousness of individualism caused by Bolshevik tyranny. No alternative to extinction faced them other than return to that serfdom abolished in Russia nearly seventy years ago, only now it was to be serfdom on Soviet estates with Soviet rulers as landlords! Thus the wheel of history made one of its most sensational spins, and the prophecy that Socialism would bring slavery in its train became strikingly fulfilled. At the same time vengeance was accomplished. Fourteen years ago, for their own sins and those of their ancestors landlords were hunted down by peasants. Now peasants were hunted down by the State which they had then set up and supported.

MINSEI-TO Return to Power.

The Result of the Japanese Election in February

VICTORY! The Minsei-To's, or Liberals of Japan, rejoice at the return of their party to power. The elevation of both hands with fingers straight is the conventional Japanese gesture of delight and may be accompanied by the word "Banzai"

PREMIER HAMAGUCHI: As the God of Wealth. The mallet is supposed to produce gold wherever it strikes. The little figure was used as a kind of mascot during the recent elections

The result of the Japanese election, as readers will doubtless recall from the cabled intelligence, was the return to power of Mr. Yuko Hamaguchi, the leader of the Minsei-To Party, who had been Prime Minister since last July, when the Government of the Seiyu-kai Party under the leadership of General Baron Gi-ichi Tanaka had to resign. This resignation was brought about through the loss of confidence of the nation, due in part to the general commercial depression, for which the Government was blamed, and in part to the attitude it adopted towards the Kellogg Peace Pact and the mysterious "Mukden tragedy," when it will be remembered the Manchurian War Lord, Chang Tso-lin, was murdered.

Like our own governmental system, the Imperial Diet of Japan consists of two Houses—a House of Peers and a House of Representatives. Although in the House of Peers there are supposed to be no political parties, yet, in fact, its members, especially the younger ones, all take sides for or against the Cabinet of the day. In the House of Representatives the divisions are clear cut, and though there may be, and are, various sub-divisions, the House is usually divided into two camps—the Governmental Party and the Opposition. These are now known respectively as the Minsei-To Party and the Seiyu-kai, the former being more Liberal in its outlook and the latter more Conservative.

The Japanese House of Peers consists of 399 members made up of 16 Princes of the Blood, 13 ordinary Princes, and 30 Marquises who sit by virtue of their right, 149 representatives of the Counts, Viscounts, and Barons, 128 Imperial nominees, and 65 representatives of the highest taxpayers. The members of the House of Representatives number 466. They are elected by the male Japanese subjects of not less than 25 years of age, who are all qualified for elegibility to the franchise—with some exceptions. The ordinary sessions of Parliament last three months, generally from December to March, and a General Election must take place every four years, unless, of course, circumstances compel a more frequent appeal to the electorate, as has just happened.

THE BAROMETER OF ELECTIONS: The Home Minister, Mr. Kenzo Adachi, who is the great authority on the tendencies of elections

VOTING DAY: A scene at the polls on February 20 when the Minsei-To's were returned to power. The long placard gives the name of the station in Tokio. Above on right are Premier Hamaguchi with two friends beneath a banner inscribed "Banzai"—the "Vive" or "Hurrah" of Nippon

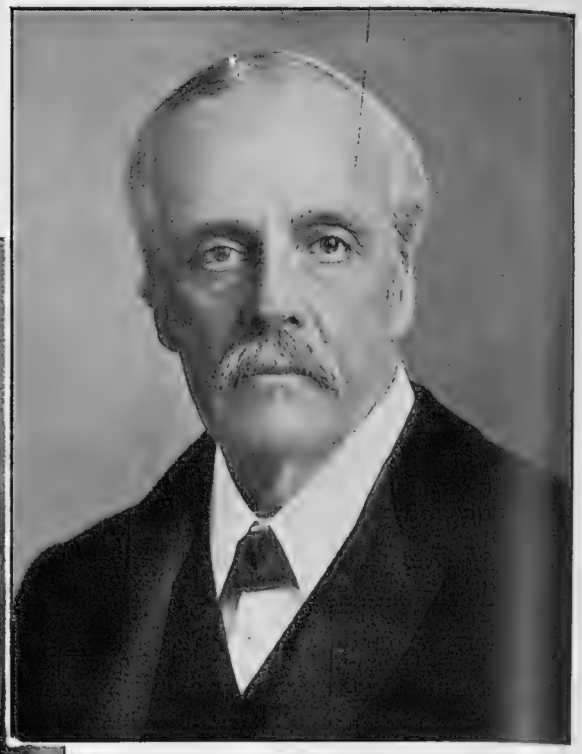
Lord Balfour

The Creator of the Balfour Declaration Passed Away on March 19

THE SPORTSMAN: Lord Balfour in his youth, a distinguished golfer. In circle above: *Lord Balfour at Eton*

IN THE DAYS OF IRELAND: The Chief Secretary for the Emerald Isle, probably Lord Balfour's most triumphant enterprise

IN THE EARLY 'NINETIES: Lord Balfour, the pattern aristocratic statesman



THE FINEST INTELLECT OF HIS DAY: Lord Balfour, expert metaphysician, authority on executive, excellent sportsman, musician, chevalier sans pour et sans reproche

CREATED KNIGHT OF THE PREMIER ORDER OF THE WORLD: Sir Arthur Balfour, K.G., returns from his investiture

Born, July 25	1848
Educ. Eton, and Cambridge	
Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury	1878–80
With Beaconsfield at Berlin	1878
P.C.	1885
Secretary for Scotland	1886–87
Chief Secretary for Ireland	1887–91
Created Congested Districts Board	1890
Leader of the House of Commons and First Lord of the Treasury	1891–2
Leader of the Opposition	1892–5
President British Association	1904
Prime Minister	1902–5
M.P. Eastern Division of Manchester	1885–1906
First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons	1895–1906
First Lord of the Admiralty	1915–16
Foreign Secretary	1916–19
M.P. City of London	1906–22
Head of British Mission to U.S.A.	1917
Mission to Washington Conference	1921–22
K.G. and Created Earl	1922
President of the British Academy	1921–8
Lord President of the Council	1924–29
Zionist Declaration	1925
Died, March 19	1930

Walter Wilson, R.I.

IN A PARLIAMENTARY FIGHT: Mr. Balfour replying to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman during the later stages of the Boer War

THE SPOKESMAN IN PALESTINE: Lord Balfour delivering in 1925 the opening speech at the Hebrew University, following on the Balfour Declaration which is in effect, the Charter of Zionism. Upon his establishment of the Jewish Colony in its native country much of his fame will assuredly rest

THE MEETING AT THE CARLTON CLUB: Lord Balfour leaves the historic meeting when the Coalition and Mr. Lloyd George were broken together

With the passing of the Earl Balfour, Britain loses at once one of her greatest ornaments and her greatest servants. In peace and war, in public life, and private, Arthur Balfour has ever been rightly regarded as the perfect prototype of that highest specimen of humanity, the English gentleman

The banqueting hall of the Kunstlerhaus, a quondam resort of the artistic set

Herr Hugo von Habermann

Professor Franz von Stuck

The banqueting hall of the Hofbraühaus, the leading *bierhalle* of the city

MUNICH—THE EMPTY CRADLE.

The capital of Bavaria used to be the great art centre of mid-Europe—what is it to-day? The writer here gives a vision of Munich with its native air of old-time beer drinking hiding an irretrievable loss

MUNICH.

Alighting at Munich sixteen years after the outbreak of the Great War, one can hardly realize that a war has swept through Bavaria at all, that a Monarchy has fallen, that a Republic has been erected, and that revolutionary blood has been spilt in these old quaint streets of the Schwabian capital.

Nothing seems to have changed during these sixteen years, or at least nothing visible to the casual visitor. The same old streets with the quaintly-painted front walls, with the beautifully historiated old archways, the same old crowd of rosy-cheeked plump women, and of peaceful-looking fat men wearing Tyrolean breeches and cock-feathered hats, the same care-free expression of a race which knows of no hustle and of no worry.

Twenty years ago the driver of a fire-engine was fined for exceeding the speed limit; it would not be surprising to hear that the same happened to-day, for who cares about speed amongst these happy-go-lucky inhabitants, whose principal occupation seems to be eating, drinking, and smoking? Who thinks any more of the trenches, and even of those red days of the "steel helmet" revolution, when blood ran freely on the pavement of Theatine-platz and of Kaufingerstrasse?

Twenty-two "Bierhallen" in One Street

Munich, to all outside appearances, remains to-day what it has been for the last century, a happy link between stolid Berlin and frivolous Vienna, an oasis of quiet burgherly life for quiet people who like good food, plenty of drink, and whose morals need not be too strict.

It is at the *bierhaus*—in one of those gigantic restaurants where thousands of people sit promiscuously and merrily round large tables eating and drinking—that one can best see Munich and its people. The number of these *bierhauses* seems to have increased considerably since the War. The gospel of the "dry" preachers has not got across the German Alps yet; it will never come. I have counted twenty-two *bierhallen* in one street. I have looked into many of them at different times of the day; they are always full; they never seem to close and they never seem to have any slack time.

"Do these people ever work, then?" one asks. Yes, they work in between, but to sit down at a table and to drink, surrounded by friends and by the female members of the family is still the most important occupation here. The *bierhalle* is the meeting-place of the masses. In England people drink standing, and they enjoy themselves in a morose way. That is why a German thinks that an Englishman cannot be social. Community drinking—they say here—is the foundation of sociability, and at the table of the *bierhaus* the all-levelling glass of beer brings together in a common tie workers, clerks, State officials, landowners, doctors, solicitors, journalists, and all the rest.

"Gaudeamus Igitur"

From this point of view you can live here as comfortably, as happily, and almost as cheaply as twenty years ago. The same old *gemüthlichkeit* which made you feel at home here as soon as you arrived is still in the air. The price of beer may have gone up five times from pre-War days, but its consumption seems to have gone up at the same rate.

"*Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus*" starts from the extreme corner of the main hall, a chorus of students waving black velvet hats and hoisting heavy glasses full of foaming beer. "Hoch! Hoch!" echo the public, raising their glasses and answering the call.

"*Gaudeamus!*" Let us enjoy ourselves as long as beer and sausages can fill empty stomachs and make us forget more intellectual ideas.

But there is an entirely different aspect of Munich. Turning from the drink tables to the studios, from the crowds of plump women and fat men to the few remaining groups of artists who have survived the cataclysm of War, walking along the abandoned homes which were the pride of Lembach, Stuck, Kaulbach, Becker, Habermann, Kühl, and dozens of other famous masters of the brush and of the easel, one wanders amongst the old artists' quarters of this town almost as amongst a city of dead. It is an empty cradle, this post-War Munich, where thousands of artists lived and prospered before the War.

THE DESERTED AND EMPTY CRADLE: Relics of Munich's past artistic glory in the Lembach Haus, now a Museum. The studio itself is now a block of flats

The Silent Halls of Art

I have called in vain on the famous Enotrias Club where Prince Rupprecht and the Prince Regent used to dine almost every day surrounded by artists from every part of the world; the club has now become a suite of offices for an oil firm. I have called in vain on the famous house of Lembach, which the devoted care of the founder's widow had turned into one of the most impressive museums of his work; the studio itself has now become a block of flats.

Little by little artists' schools, studios, private clubs which were the intimate *foyers* of the intellectuals, have closed down and disappeared. Of the 5,000 artists who lived in Munich fifteen or sixteen years ago only a few dozen are left, and those not of the best. Their models have left as well; the foreign students, who used to come here by the hundreds in pre-War days, have gone elsewhere. Four years of hostility have killed intellectual Munich for ever.

Gone For Ever

There is nothing more sad, nothing more impressive, than this post-War Munich without art.

Scattered in every part of the world, haunted by the tremor of War and of political convulsion, ruined by the financial disaster which followed the War, Munich's best brains have forsaken their mother city; the cradle where they have been nursed is now deserted. Like Amsterdam, like Bruges, like Venice, one wanders to-day in the empty streets of Munich calling out in vain names with which we were familiar twenty years ago, and which seem already so far distant from us.

"*Gaudeamus*" sings the crowd around the merry tables—but beyond the closed doors and the shuttered windows of these famous studios one can hear a mournful echo answering back: "Let us cry! Let us cry for Munich, the empty cradle of German art."

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

THE FLYING-MAN: The helmsman and the watch at the wheel of the *Graf Zeppelin* — prototypes of the new breed now being evolved

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

WESTERN LEAVEN IN THE EASTERN LOAF.—General Chiang Kai-shek, President of China and active commander-in-chief of the national army, is looking for a new chief foreign military advisor, I hear.

Lieut.-Colonel Hermann Kriebel, formerly of the Bavarian General Staff, advices from Nanking allege, has not achieved the same success as his predecessor, the famous Colonel Max Bauer, the most noted foreign military man in Chinese service since our own "Chinese" Gordon, later the hero of Khartum. Personal differences with members of his staff, composed of some twenty-eight Germans, Austrian, Swiss, and Dutch on the one hand, and the heart-breaking obstruction of Chinese intrigues on the other hand, have made Colonel Kriebel's position difficult. He is alleged to have "lost face," which in China is much worse than losing your bank account.

Chiang Kai-shek has sent a representative to Europe to find and recommend a new chief military advisor with a view to replacing Kriebel at the end of his contract. Only a German, American, Swedish, or Swiss officer comes into consideration, it seems. German, or White Russian ex-officers of high rank and ability, can be engaged for much less pay than any other nationals, and in the low state of the Chinese Government Treasury that is an important determining factor in Nanking.

Among the Germans who recently entered Chiang Kai-shek's service is Count von Moltke, a relative of Field-Marshal von Moltke, who was Chief of the German General Staff when the World War broke out. He has been assigned as one of the instructors to the "Model Division" in Nanking, which is to be the model division unit for the new Chinese modern army.

The German staff in Nanking, which includes experts in aviation, police, railway building, industrial organization, as well as military matters, is in danger of being nudged out by the more aggressive and enterprising Americans, who have all the power of money and political influence behind them. Sharp contrast with the Germans, who are almost "outlawed" by their own Government for entering the service of China. The disadvantage of the Germans *vis-à-vis* the Americans is obvious. In some cases I found that the Americans were paid two or three times as much as the Germans.

The creation of a military air force, one of the pet projects of Chiang Kai-shek, has practically passed out of the hands of the Germans into those of the Americans with the appointment the other day of Captain Floyd N. Shoemaker, formerly of the American army, as advisor to the Military Bureau of Aviation in Nanking. In effect this displaces Ottfried Fuchs, the German advisor, formerly of the German Reichswehr, who has done notable work in organizing and training a small Chinese military air squadron.

An adequate air force in a country where there are few railways, and almost no roads, was one of the most important projects in the extensive plan for the reorganization of China's national army, worked out for Chiang Kai-shek by Colonel Bauer. The new American advisor was in our R.F.C. during the first three years of the War.

Because of the lack of transportation and communication in a country larger than the United States, China bids fair to become one of the largest markets in the world for aircraft, if ever it gets on a sound financial basis. With commercial aviation there already dominated by them, America now has her hand on both the civil and military aviation in China, with all that that may mean in time to the American aircraft industry. The German aircraft industry had a splendid opening and a good start in China. Lack of Governmental support, inability to give the long credits that America gives, a foreign policy in part forced by the Versailles Treaty, and a lack of knowledge of psychology, has taken that advantage from them.

Why do British aircraft manufacturers leave the Chinese field so largely to the Americans?

SLAVE TRADE.—That hundreds of Jews are slaves, bought and sold in slave markets in Southern Arabia, is the sensational report of Dr. Mezan of Paris, who headed a recent investigation in the Red Sea countries.

Dr. Mezan alleges that "A thriving slave trade passes through Aden and other coast towns of the Yemen. Mostly they are negroes, but often, too, they are poor Yemen Jews, who are sold to rich Muhammadans in the slave market in Jeddah. As the Koran strictly forbids the keeping of Muhammadan slaves or serfs, it follows that there are no Islamic slaves. In the Hedjaz Kingdom the importation of non-Islamic slaves is officially recognized. In fact there is a 'slave tax.'" Dr. Mezan goes on to claim that "the percentage of Jewish slaves is relatively high. This is due to the frightful economic conditions among the Jews in the Yemen since a long time."

The Zionist organ, *New World*, places the number of Jews in the Yemen at 50,000. Of this number several hundred live in Sanaa, the capital, and the others in 150 smaller towns and villages. The *New World* declares that allegations that the Jews in the Yemen are persecuted and suffer under medieval-like humiliation and abuse is exaggerated.

Aden is a British-ruled port. I have been there twice. That slave trade passes through there is not credible.

A NEW RACE.—"The flying man is developing an entirely different nervous system from his land brothers," Sir Hubert Wilkins, famous Antarctic explorer, remarked to me during the world flight last summer. We were leaning out of the window of the *Graf Zeppelin* one glorious dawn over Siberia, after a night of storm and vigil. "I would almost dare to say, that future generations of an 'air civilization' will inherit a sixth sense, in addition to recovering the acute sense of vision of primitive races." That is quite possible, unless science, with its mechanical miracles, steps in to frustrate adaptable nature. Already the younger generation of seafaring folk, for whom the engine-room has replaced sail and rigging, is losing the unwritten secrets of sea- and weather-lore—legacies of instinct from father to son through thousands of years. That the mechanical instinct is becoming a heritage in families is already proven. In close personal contact with the Zeppelin and seaplane world during long consecutive periods, I had ample opportunity of realizing that its denizens are no longer quite like other people. Nerveless when it comes to danger in the air, navigators, fliers, and mechanics are nervous and restless on terra-firma. Sir Hubert said that it is nature breeding a new race to supply mankind's newest need—birdmen who will "take to the air" just as sailors' sons "take to the sea," or the Bedouin is wedded to the desert, for the hard and special life in which nature has bred and trained him alone.

"Men of the spaces, desert, sea or air, or icelands, must ever be a race apart," the explorer remarked abruptly.

By courtesy of Mr. Will Day

CINEMA STARS OF 4,000 YEARS AGO: Chinese wax figures similar to those used for shadow shows in 2,000 B.C. *Inset above*—SIR HENRY G. LYONS, the Director of the South Kensington Science Museum, who has had charge of Mr. Will Day's collection

A CINEMA 1,730 YEARS OLD.—There were "movies" seventeen hundred years ago. The twentieth century can only claim the "talkies." Colonel Sir Henry G. Lyons, the Director of the South Kensington Science Museum, has been speaking to me about one of the most fascinating exhibits on loan in the museum. It is the collection of Mr. Will Day, "unofficial historian" of the cinema, who has devoted years, thousands of pounds, the time and enterprise of travellers all over the world, to making this collection of early cinematograph apparatus. Mr. Day found and secured Chinese movies of 200 A.D., the first film ever made, the oldest "book" type of movie, familiar in its modern form to most of us as children.

He has also preserved for future generations, to whom wireless and television will be a birthright, the only "Phanto-Bioscope," made by Rudge in 1872, which was used to demonstrate the phenomenon of moving pictures to Friese-Greene, inventor of films. The curiosities of this unique collection may soon be lost to England, for Mr. Day, after years of refusing offers for it, has at last decided to sell. Hollywood might well glorify the collection in a movie museum as the corner-stone of one of the world's greatest temples of fortune.

CABINET OF PICKLED "HEADS."—Greece possesses what is probably the most unique "national collection" of any country in the world. It is less well known than its collection of ancient Greek gods, the Acropolis and Temple ruins, but for the populace scarcely less interesting and more romantic.

In the Anatomical Museum in Athens is the national collection of heads of famous Greek brigands, pickled in jars of alcohol. Not the heads of all the Greek brigands are collected and on show there, but only those whom the police could kill or capture and execute, and that is by no means the total number.

This "Cabinet of Heads," the jars in a row, has recently received a most valuable addition. The other day the head of Leonidas Babanis, most famous and romantic Thessalonian brigand for years, was added to the exhibit. The new specimen cost the government a lot of money. Babanis was the terror of Thessaly, but not without the usual romantic touch of kindness to the poor. In vain the police tried to capture him in his mountain stronghold. The government offered 30,000 drachmæ for him, dead or alive. Then 80,000, then 200,000 drachmæ.

Leonidas Babanis laughed, as you would expect a brigand to laugh. Corresponding to his activity and increasing insecurity in Thessaly, the government raised the price on his head for their collection. They named half a million, then a million drachmæ. The brigand laughed louder and more heartily.

Leonidas Bibanis became vain because of the value the government placed upon his head for the "national collection." The government made two more "bids" for that head. One of a million and a half, then one million seven hundred thousand. Two gendarmes lay in wait for the brigand, grown careless, and shot him down, thus adding Babanis' head to the unique collection. The transport of the head from Elassona, via Larissa, to Athens, excited tremendous interest. It seemed as if half of Hellas was at the railway stations. The Athens newspapers devoted much space to it.

"What head in modern Greece has ever had the honour of such interesting throngs?" asks a writer in a newspaper.

POISE in Modern Sculpture

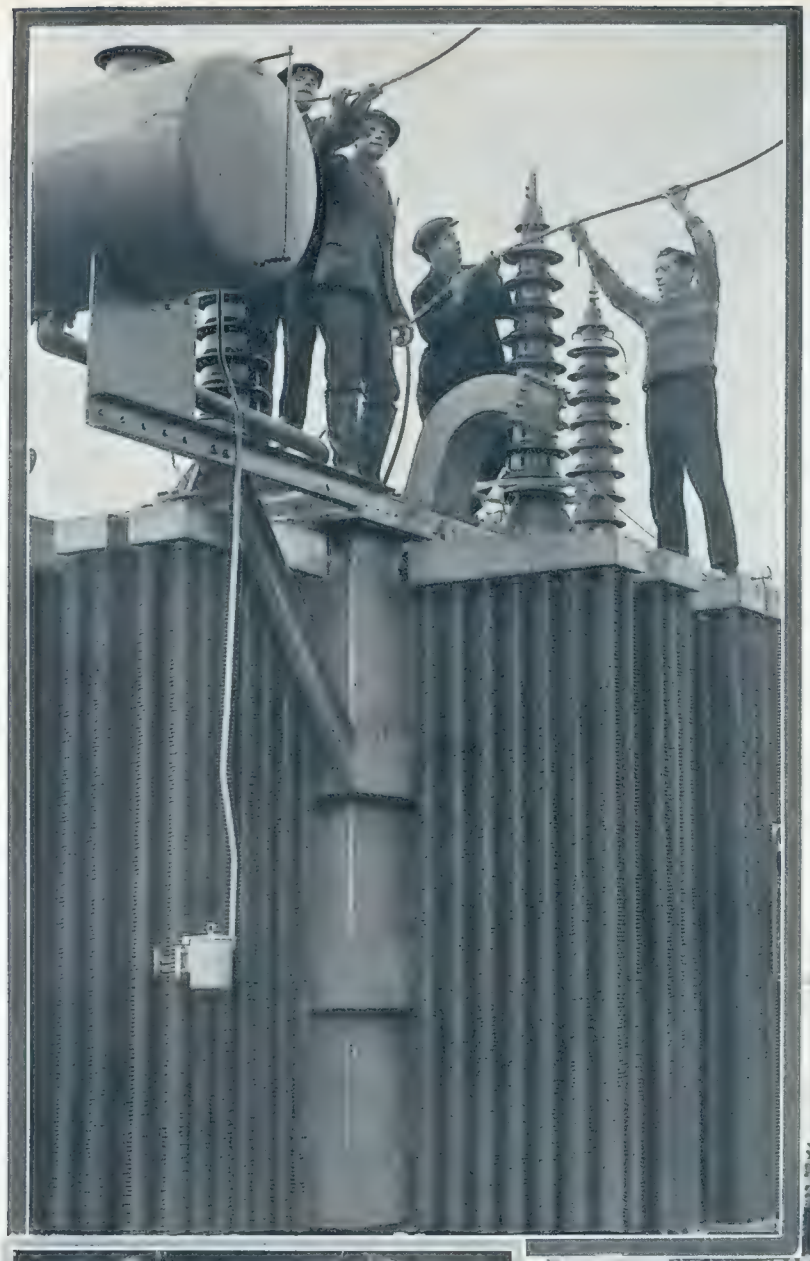
A PRODUCT OF ITALY: "The Dancer," in plaster, by Signor Renato Carvillani of Rome. Although its lines are simple and its treatment Modernist, it has in it exquisite static pose and mobile poise. On right—"SIEGFRIED": A striking figure in the Franz Metzner Memorial Exhibition at Zehlendorf

DEITIES OF ANTIQUITY TREATED IN THE MODERN MANNER: A detail from the model of the new memorial to the defenders of the Suez Canal. The allegorical figures represent Wisdom holding a Torch, and Force, the warden of the country's destiny. It is the work of M. Raymond Delamarre of Paris

"DIANA": An originat bronze representing the Goddess of Hunting, by Clinio Lorenzetti of Mantua, one of the leading lights of the younger school of Italy

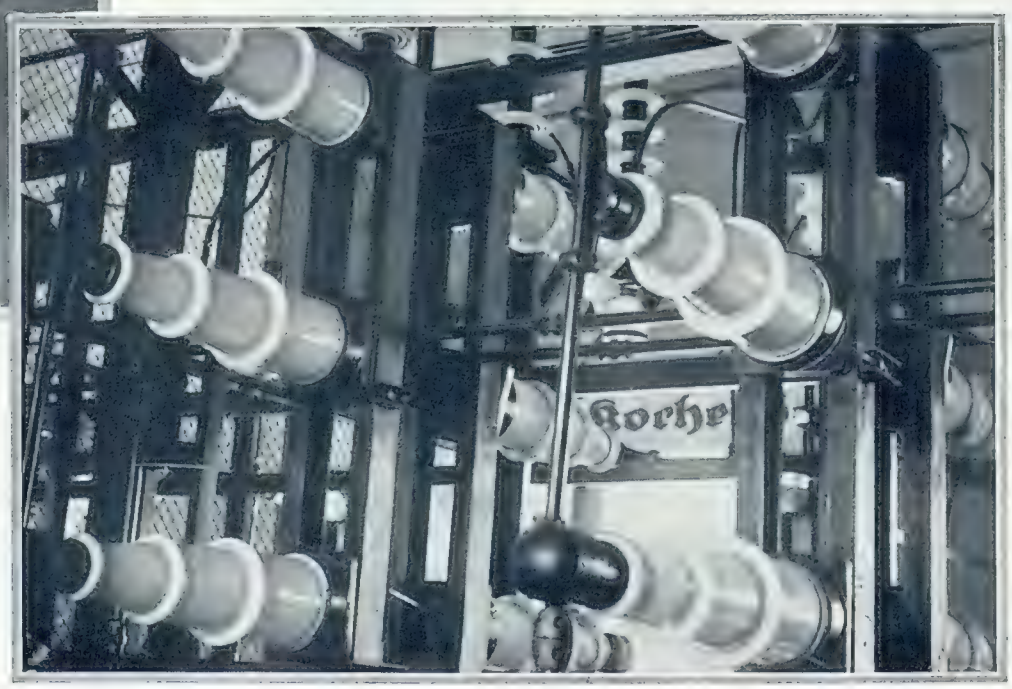
In this Ele

The Latest Developments in Brit tricity, now becoming Ub



A THREE-PHA TRANSFORMER
A three-phase tr former, weighing tons, built by Fer for the Clyde N Central Electric Bo sub-station. It is largest transformer built in Britain

HALF-A-MILLION VOLTS: An artificial lightning bolt created by the Ouidin resonator at a recent demonstration of electrical science



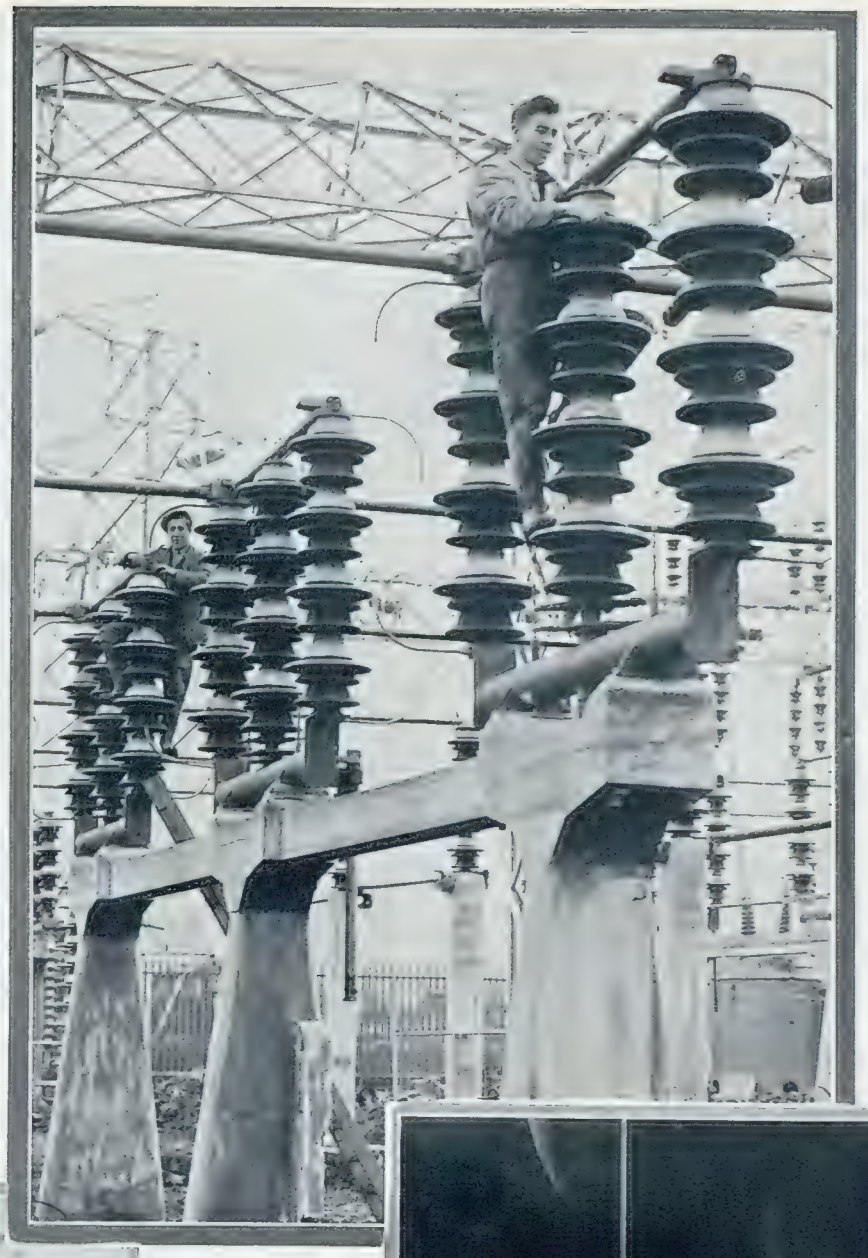
A GREAT ENTERPRISE OF GERMANY: The high-voltage room in the Karsfeld Works near Munich. Here the current from the large stations of the Bavarian Electric Undertakings is collected and transformed

While many trades h been suffering, especi in their export, from pression, the electri industry at large even in its export, b thriving of late. M and more fields of hum endeavour are com under electrical influe and more great pos schemes are being creat with all their fantas appliances and devic Most notable of these the giant transform whereby the current "stepped up" to a hi voltage for convenien of transport

TRICAL AGE

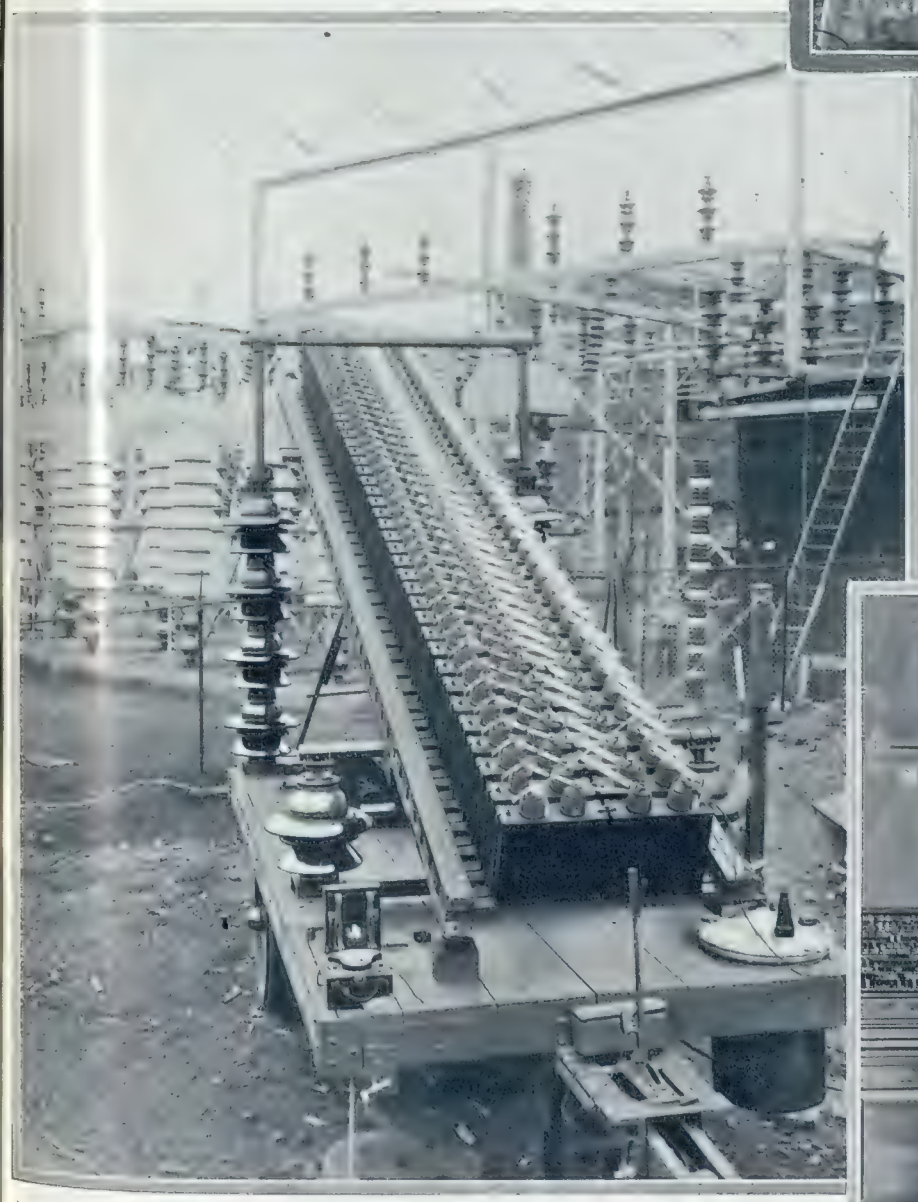
and Abroad in the World of Elec- tous in its Manifold Activities

INSULATORS EVERYWHERE: A view of the insulators at Bedford, where the first sub-station of the new overland electricity scheme is now nearly completed. The current is carried at a pressure of 150,000 volts. *On extreme left*—The 100-ton transformers, capable of dealing with 200,000 volts



THE GIANT MECHANICS OF THE PRESENT DAY: The insulators at the newly constructed and almost completed power station at Bedford

A FLASH OF 1,000,000 VOLTS OVER DESSAUER CIRCUIT: One of the experiments conducted at the High Voltage Laboratory at Trafford Park, owned by Metropolitan Vickers, Ltd. The main laboratory contains one ot the two 500,000V, 500 KVA, fifty cycle transformers used in the Dessauer 1,000,000V circuit



A PORTABLE PLANT FOR ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING: Engineers of the G.E.C. at Pottsfield, Mass., recently built a portable million-volt generator. Its main purpose is to test the high-tension lines of the U.S.A. to make sure they are lightning-proof. Each of the forty condensers adds 25,000 volts. It can be operated from a 100-volt line

LONDON'S ELECTRICAL BRAIN: A section of the control-room of the London Power Company, Westminster. Above is seen a section of the room showing a plan of different parts of London on the wall.

Where Fanny Burney met General d'Arblay

Norbury Park may be Preserved: Five Tithe-barns will be Preserved: A Toll-gate to go

TO BE SECURED FOR THE NATION? Norbury Park, a Surrey beauty spot quite near which was Juniper Hall, the centre of the colony of French refugees in the eighteenth century. The sum demanded for Norbury Park is £85,000

THE PAINTED ROOM: In this apartment in Norbury Hall Fanny Burney, the author of "Evangeline," on her return from attending George III's Queen, met General d'Arblay, whom she subsequently married. It is to be proposed that the historic mansion (inset) *and its estate be secured for the nation*

"HOMEWARD THE PLOUGHMAN . . .": A scene in Norbury Park in the valley of the Mole which penetrates the Surrey downs. On one side of the Mole is Norbury, on the other Juniper Hall, about which there exists quite a literature

PRESERVED: Two of the five oldest and largest tithe-barns in the country. They are near Tonbridge and were to be dismantled, but were purchased at the eleventh hour by Mrs. Knowles of Ramshurst Manor. They were built by Roland, a friend of the Black Prince

DOOMED: Long Close toll-gate in Durham, to be bought by the county council and freed. Motorists, who have been held up for years for the fee, will doubtless appreciate the step! The toll-gate is on the road connecting Newcastle with Shotley Bridge and Consett. The gradual extirpation of toll-gates proceeds—but with lamentable slowness

"GET HIM OR HE'LL GET YOU": Two-horned rhinoceros flashed in their native habitat

Facing DEATH *in the* JUNGLE.

Some Face to Face Adventures with Rhinos in the African Wilds

By J. L. BUCK

For a score of years or more I have tramped through the jungle land of Africa on the trail of danger. And each of those years has been packed with enough thrills to last any ordinary human being a lifetime. But always I go back.

It isn't altogether my love for animals that sends me back, year after year. It is that moment of supreme danger when I unexpectedly meet one of the dreaded monarchs of the wild animal country face to face.

That's the greatest thrill there is. Each of those sudden, startling meetings brings as fresh and poignant a sensation as the last. You can't look across a few yards of underbrush at a furious, wild adversary, knowing that your life hangs in the balance, and grow blasé about it.

"Some day some old rhino will get you, if you don't learn more respect for them." So they told me at Konikry early in March when I toiled in from hard weeks in the Cameroons to my headquarters on the West Coast of Africa. I had brought in an assortment of animals and the story of the most intimate encounter I have ever had with a rhinoceros.

I had met him in the Cameroons, and that chap was the bully, the bad man, the maniac of the jungle. I probably would never have made his acquaintance had not the afternoon's exploring trip proved so fascinating that I wandered on long after the hour when we should have made camp. We trudged on over hills, pushing through sharp grasses, skirting thorn bushes, here and there cutting through tangled vines as now this, now that, sound or movement through the foliage pricked my curiosity. I ended up chasing a rare butterfly with a handkerchief spread out for a net, since I had a commission for these from a Western college. In a twinkling I reached it. But its rosy wings never lodged in my improvised net, for suddenly a strong odour brought me up abruptly. There, gazing toward me from a thorn bush not many yards away stood an old rhino. I glanced around quickly for the boys who had been following me. But they had melted away. The air throbbed with danger. The sudden shock helped me to marshal all my mental and physical resources.

Perhaps this great, black rhinoceros, seemingly just ready to charge, did not really see me, for I had learned years before that the eyesight of the rhino is very poor. If I remained absolutely still there was a chance he might not distinguish me from the thorn bush. But any marked motion, I knew, would betray me at once. So I decided to "wait out" my adversary. The rhino detects its enemy largely by scent. The wind was blowing from him to me. So far as odour went I was safe. I must keep a cool head and wait—so I thought.

Languidly, telling myself how calm I was, I turned my head to the left, ever so gingerly. And then my senses reeled. There, on my left, a second rhinoceros lifted up its dull head toward me. I shot a glance to my right—just in time to see three more rhinos come slowly out of a clump of trees toward the thorn bushes not so far from me. The rhino dotes on thorn bush. Perhaps that is why his flesh is so tough and unpalatable.

In a semi-circle in front of me the five great, stupid beasts stood, their odours acrid on the breeze. Then I realized that they would finally come my way, for the thorn bushes grew thickly in front of me, and I strove to steady my nerves as I decided that it would be mad to wait in hopes that they would pass the other way.

I would have to get away from there somehow. Ever so slowly I backed away, never taking my eyes from the beasts. Then, after fifteen minutes of such tactics, I turned about to see how far I was from the first likely tree, and my eyes met a sight which made my cup of trouble overflow. Far to the right, in the back of me, three other rhinos were "discussing" another thorn growth, while on my left three more were apparently dozing on their feet. I was standing in the centre of eleven rhinos—five in front of me and six behind. And at any moment one of them might spy me and spread the alarm to all the others. The only way out was by a retreat directly between the two groups behind me.

I got down on my hands and knees and crawled like a worm. Two hundred yards away stood a cottonwood tree. Would I be able to reach that before I was discovered? I pushed on cautiously. After what seemed like hours of endless crawling the cottonwood loomed just ahead. Safety at last!

I stood up and looked again at the rhinos. They had all shifted about and had moved some distance farther away. So I decided to be bold and struggle on to where the boys must be awaiting me in ambush. As I stepped further into the tree clump I came upon my favourite pillow which my personal carrier must have dropped in his retreat. I rescued it. A little farther on I spied my mattress. "The rascal," I thought.

A BABY RHINO APPEARS: The mother or father may be close at hand

Then I pushed out of the clump of trees—and halted abruptly.

Not more than twenty yards directly ahead of me stood a full-grown rhino, which must have strayed away from one of the two groups that had been behind me. He was looking straight at me. And he saw me! There wasn't any question about it this time! He lowered his ugly head and I knew he meant business. Any African veteran knows there is one desperate recipe when a rhino comes charging down upon you. If you can't get a shot at him, stand perfectly still until the beast is nearly on you. Then, when he is little more than a foot away, step quickly to one side. His slow brain doesn't function quickly enough, and he charges straight on by.

He was charging now! Now was the time to try that old recipe.

But my tingling nerves would not let me stand waiting for such a charmed second. I stood there as long as I could. And then, just as he thundered up, I jumped aside and threw my pillow in his face. Then I raced for the nearest cottonwood. He caught the pillow on his horns and as I climbed to safety in the branches of the cottonwood I saw the old fellow tear that pillow up and toss it about until the kapok snowed out through the undergrowth. Then he turned back and "bucked" the mattress. He worried that until it was gutted all over his path. After that it seemed he had satisfied his spleen, and so he trotted off with kapok sticking to hide and horns. As I made my way back to my boys I wondered if the old fellow told the other rhinos about the strange creature with a white face that curiously spilt into a kapok stream when he started to use his horns.

EUROPE REVEALS *long-buried secrets*

Caligula's Galleys: Lake-dwellers of Lake Ledro: Cretan Treasures Shaken by an Earthquake: Bulgaria's Capital Unearthed

WHERE LAKE-DWELLERS LIVED 4,000 YEARS AGO: In the draining of Lake Ledro for the new electrical works of the City of Rovereto in the Trentino, where Dante lived in exile, the palisades seen above were discovered. Scientists reconstructed therefrom the existence of a colony of lake-dwellers who lived in houses built, as it were, on stilts, 1,300 years before the foundation of Rome

RESCUED FROM THE GRAVE OF 1900 YEARS: The Caligula galley, to obtain which Lake Nemi has been drained—one of the "imperial inspirations" of Signor Mussolini

RELICS OF KNOSSOS: A case with objects from the Candia Museum, Crete, which have been shattered by the recent earthquake

THE FLOUNCED GODDESS OF CRETE: This specimen of early Cretan art has had its neck shattered by the recent earthquake which, though not so serious as that of 1926, yet did much damage

The archæologists who have been at work in Northern Bulgaria have recently made some most interesting discoveries. Not far from the town of Preslav was the site of the chief town of the first Bulgarian Kingdom, which lasted from 600 to 900 A.D. The tomb of Krum the Cruel, the most famous of the leaders of this powerful kingdom, was believed to lie in this place from the giant relief of an armed warrior which dominated the spot. The excavations have confirmed this belief, and moreover have led to the discovery of a large city which gives somes conception of the early culture of the once nomadic Bulgarian race. Great streets have already been uncovered. Particularly interesting has been the finding of the whole lay-out, in worked stone, of the baths of the royal palace. Krum the Cruel was a typical warrior king who led his barbarians (for the Bulgars did not become Christians for nearly thirty years after the death of Krum) on plundering expeditions against his wealthier and more civilized neighbours

THE TOMB OF KING KRUM THE CRUEL: One of the relics of the sixth century found in the buried capital of Bulgaria—the Pompeii of the country

GHARDAIA

The Strange City of the Mazabites Six Hundred Miles Deep in the Desert from Algiers, Described by Lady Drummond-Hay on the following pages

A defence tower of Beni-Izguen, the most exclusive of the Mozabite towns on the oasis of Ghardaia

The Mosque of Ghardaia—an impression of the gleaming curved tower above the courtyard with its primitive columns and crypt-like interior

Ghardaia, the holy oasis of the Mozabites in the Northern Sahara desert, is fully described by Lady Drummond-Hay on the following pages. One of the most remarkable features of the oasis are the mosque towers; a glimpse of the chief one is here seen. A good motor-road now connects Algiers with the Mozabite country

Camera studies, by Percy Horne

A YOUNG LOCUST GATHERER AT BERRIANE: This outlying town of the Puritan sheikhs of the M'zab is built up picturesquely of rectangular block-houses piled one on the other. At the moment when this picture was taken a cloud of locusts—unwelcome visitors—were invading the gardens of the oasis; the little boy was eagerly gathering them in his chubby hands, while his elder brother gazed at the swarm descending over the fields facing the walls of the towns

The Land of the

In the Desert of Saha
and Time is
Described
By LADY DRU

WHERE THE DESERT BLOSSOMS LIKE THE ROSE: The palm plantation and the wells round Ghardaia. The M'zab boasts some 200,000 palms and between 3,000 and 4,000 wells

I have found the Land of Rest. It is the Land of the "Quaker Sheikhs," in the Sahara, where the Golden Age is no myth, but reality. Golden sands, golden sun, golden dates, golden oranges, simplicity of the Golden Age uncomplicated by newspapers or telephone. Undisturbed by radio, cinema, or theatre. Untroubled by beggars or police. Undismayed by the "modern girl" or antics of "flaming youth." I have found Peace on earth even in this turbulent generation.

Tired to exhaustion after twelve months of strenuous travel, having averaged more than 195 miles every day of the preceding 365 days, which included the first Zeppelin Transatlantic flight, the Round-the-World flight, voyages to China, Japan, Hawaii, extensive travel in America, Canada, and innumerable "trips" (they hardly seem like full-size journeys any more) between the capitals of Europe, I sought rest. To me, rest spells isolation and peace. Both were waiting for me in the mysterious M'zab — that southern region of French Algeria situated between the Atlas plateau and the Grand Erg, where seven Holy Cities stand like sentinel pyramids against the desolation of the desert wastes.

From the Riviera and its light-hearted hospitality I fled to Algiers. From the cosmopolitan bustle of the "White City," farther south, past Blida and the Gorge of Monkeys—very real, very mischievous monks they are too. Boghari to Djelfa, stronghold of the famous Ouled Naïl tribe, one of the chief purveyors of the "Lure of the East" in North Africa. Ouled Naïl beauties dancing in Arab cafés spangle Algeria with romance for the tourist.

In the green oasis of Laghouat, set jewel-wise in the gleaming sands, I realised again with increasing vividness, the supreme rôle of the life-giving palm, which is considered more highly than the lives it sustains. The importance of oases is gauged by the population of palm-trees, not people. Laghouat boasts some 30,000 palms, and a sect of human beings whose bee-like service is to fecundate the trees. Loudly calling upon the One God, these priests of Nature carry the fertilising pollen to the flowers of the female palm. It is claimed that this curious fraternity alone possesses the strange virtue. But Laghouat with all its colour and mystery of white-robed sheikhs, heavily-veiled women, dashing French military, spahees in scarlet burnous, against the romantic background of burning sand, verdant palms, and white arabesque houses, was still not the haven I sought.

Southward yet, through hard desert, sure but bumpy riding for the car, to Tilrempt, caravanserai halt on the route to Ghardaia. A flashing white quadrangle providing rough but scrupulously clean shelter, and the best meal I had tasted since leaving Algiers. Sardines, gazelle steak, native bread, native cheese, and Algerian wine. Ambrosia and nectar prepared by a shy, dark-eyed maiden of the desert, and most courteously served by her venerable father.

Crude as it was, utterly isolated, void of the slightest semblance of western standards of living, I could have stayed a while in Tilrempt for the sheer joy of sunrises, sunsets, the silent noises of great spaces, the lessons of hospitality and welcome in a land where conditions of travel and life honour every stranger as a guest.

But curiosity about the "Quaker Sheiks" urged me on, and later, in that same afternoon, I had my first glimpse of a M'zab city, Berriane, of 26,000 palm trees, rising like a pyramid surmounted by a great Sudan-type minaret, which is the characteristic formation of the seven M'zab cities in the Chebka.

The Mozabites, heretical Berbers, known as the "Quakers of Islam"—peaceable, industrious, commercial, with qualities reminiscent of the Jews or Copts in Egypt—were for centuries victims of persecution by other Moslems and warlike tribes. Denied peace by man, or even the right to live, in the eleventh century they threw themselves on the mercy of Nature at her cruellest, withdrawing to isolation protected on every side by at least a hundred miles of barren desert and desolate waste. Such a rampart in the land of "camel-express" was more effective than fortress walls, and has until to-day preserved the Mozabites as a people apart from the rest of the world.

Seven cities, between 3,000 and 4,000 wells, over 200,000 date-palms, some 40,000 human population, local government under French protection, without police, practically no crime, no beggars, no destitute, no women between the ages of fourteen or sixty allowed out of their houses, testify to the characteristics of this strange people. French military force in the M'zab consists of a fort overlooking Ghardaia, garrisoned when I was there, by a French

HAPPY AS A SULTAN: An old sheikh who merely laughed when Lady Drummond-Hay told him he was a century behind the times

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND: An unveiled Jewess sewing in the Jewish quarter, distinct from the Mozabite section of the town of Ghardaia

"THE GARDEN OF TH the seven pyramidal town Sudan-type minaret, gua

A "QUAKER SHEIKH": Si ben Abdullah, Sheikh ed Daya, Ghardaia

Quaker Sheikhs

the Golden Age Persists a Standstill

Illustrated

MOND=HAY

ARCHES SUPPORTED BY PALM WOOD: Nothing of the palm is wasted—dates for man, crushed stones for animals, branches for baskets

THE MARKET PLACE: A moment in Ghardaia, showing the camels of a caravan that halted in the "Garden of the Desert" to rest and reprovision

captain, two adjutants, and thirty native soldiers — this to control the whole 40,000.

In Ghardaia I stayed at a Mozabite Hotel kept by one Abdel Kadr ben Taher, with the aid of a black cook, two small boys for housework, and a little chap of twelve or thirteen who combined the office of porter, guide, and general outside factotum. Hospitality and welcome compensated for any lack of luxury, and I am used to the standards and ways of native North Africa anyhow.

DESERT HOSPITALITY: Inside the caravanserai of Tilrempt which extends a hearty welcome to man and beast

DESERT": Ghardaia, one of surmounted by a gleaming ing the primitive M'zab

The official courtesy of Caïd Yehia Bellalou of Ghardaia, the invitations of Si ben Abdullah, Sheikh ed Daya, and the real interest and frequent escort of my host initiated me into Mozabite "society." Naïve chatter from my little guide revealed to me piquante sidelights on the carefully-concealed domestic life of Mozabite civilization.

I made a formal visit to the Caïd, a majestic, bearded figure who should have risen from the shadow of a fig-tree or palm. He greeted me in the cool of an alcove off the market square. We proceeded upstairs pursued by the shrieks and cursings of a young falcon at liberty, which the Caïd explained he is training for hunting. A large room on the first floor serves as the town hall, the police court, and municipal arena generally. Exchange of compliments over sweet mint tea and dates freshly picked from the harvest then in progress were a preliminary to conversation.

"You have come to a strange land," the Caïd told me. "I know that my people are unlike others, for have I not travelled outside the M'zab? 'Jews of Araby' they call us. If industry, peace, respect for law and the law are Jewish traits then indeed it is so."

Caïd Yehia went on to say that there are no police in the M'zab. The inhabitants take it in turn to act as police. As they do not wear uniform they are unrecognisable from their neighbours in the street. Crime hardly exists. One can walk about day or night "with a wallet full of gold" without fear of molestation or robbery. Rare cases of murder or big crime are referred to the French military authorities or to the assizes at Algiers. Lesser complaints are dealt with by the patriarchal Caïd on the spot. My natural inquiry about provision for the destitute, surprise at such a phenomenon in the East as the entire absence of beggars, brought a glint of indignation to the old man's eyes.

"Beggars! Destitute! They do not exist in the M'zab. Those who have give to those who have not. The giving of alms, succour of the afflicted, support of the poor, care of widows and orphans, are duties too sacred—nay, privileges," he paused and glared at me, "to require coercion. Each considers himself responsible for his neighbour, the community for Mozabite civilization as a whole. That is why every man is his own policeman. That is why every individual would be ashamed to see a beggar in the street, a humble neighbour in want or distress."

With all that to ponder upon I left the good Caïd fondling his noisy falcon.

Ghardaia, to the eye, a picturesque heap of stones and medley of tumbledown buildings, is a fascinating world of its own. There is "Mama Sliman," for instance. An amazing woman of personality, responsible for the conduct of Mozabite femininity. She is a *tolba* of the mosque, elected to teach the women rites of prayer, to watch over their religious lives, and act as mother-confessor in general. For all her powers, official and otherwise, "Mama Sliman" does not come in contact with the men *tolbas*. Mozabite women are very strictly secluded, and I could not find any exceptions.

I saw absolutely no young women on the streets all the time I was in the district, and for that matter very few old ones. Those I did see looked terribly worn, seared, and decrepit. The young girl-children are often very pretty. They must be lovely in their prime. The women are virtually imprisoned from thirteen or fourteen until sixty. From the time she is veiled and begins to pray, a girl may not leave the house. By "leave the house" it is actually meant that she may not go outside the front door. A girl remains in her parents' house until she is married, when she is transferred to her husband's house as a life-prisoner.

Few houses in the seven M'zab cities have gardens or courtyards. The majority are windowless, little slits serving to give light and air. In such lairs—one cannot call them anything else—the women spend their lives, condemned to eternal gloom in these glorious oases of sunshine and beauty. Infrequently, with their husband's permission, they visit their own families under strict surveillance. But such outings are only taken under cover of night.

My small guide initiated me into his own home-life. Yes, he had a sister. She is seventeen. She was married when she was fourteen, and has never been out of the house.

(Continued on p. 496)

IN THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT: The Donkey Express, which is to the Sahara, railway, lorry, and wagon

LONDON SEEN THROUGH VENETIAN EYES: The Canaletto impression of eighteenth-century London seen from the north bank of the Thames—one of the most popular pictures in the entire Exhibition. The treatment is very obviously one inspired by the Queen of the Adriatic, for London seems almost a city "throned on a hundred isles" with waterways for streets

GOOD-BYE *to the* ITALIAN PICTURES

When on Thursday evening last, 20th inst., the Italian Exhibition closed, it unquestionably created an unapproached record. Including the 8,000 season-ticket holders and the 30,000 school children, the attendance reached roughly a total of half a million people, a number far exceeding the most sanguine expectations before the galleries were opened. The attendance was thus twice as large as at the Dutch Exhibition. The largest number on one day for this latter show was over 10,500, on the last day. That total was exceeded twice at the Italian Exhibition—on Thursday, February 22, and on March 1, when the numbers were 11,891 and 11,248. In commemoration of the Exhibition a catalogue containing 250 illustrations will be published at £6 6s. each, and a book of drawings at £2 2s. each.

THE TREATMENT OF NEROCCIO: The lilies symbolic of the Annunciation stand between the mournful Virgin and the feminine angel

THE ANGEL WITH THE LILY: Botticelli's treatment of one of the themes most attractive to the Italian classicists

ONE OF FOUR PANELS: The Angel of the Annunciation by Simone Martini

TREATMENT FROM UMBRIA: A formal ecclesiastical, almost scholastic Annunciation by an unknown artist

Among some of the most fascinating of the pictures which have held the public are the eighteen pictures and five drawings connected with the Annunciation, included in the magnificent array of the Italian pictures which attracted delighted crowds to Burlington House. Although by no means as many as those dealing with the Virgin and Child, the number probably exceeds that devoted to any of the other great Bible incidents which have exerted so dominant an influence over the mind of the artists whose combined work is not the least of the glories of the grandeur that was Rome—the capital standing for the whole country with its famous schools of distinctive art. The Annunciation is one of the outstanding instances of the way in which a single incident acting on various minds will produce an astounding difference of effect. This is strikingly exemplified when one places the highly elaborate and decorative Annunciation of Crivelli, assuredly one of the wonders of our own National Gallery, with the chaste and beautiful severity of the treatment of the Annunciation by Dante Gabriel Rossetti which adorns the Tate Gallery. Varied as are the composition of the figures, the design, and the accessories which go to complete the pictures of the artists, no one can fail to notice the part played by the lily, the emblem of the Virgin, for which reason, no doubt, the spotless white lily is commonly known as the Madonna lily. This assumption is, however, incorrect, for there is a tradition recorded in the story of a poor monk in *The Miracles of Our Lady St. Mary* by Evelyn Underhall, that the Archangel Gabriel bore a lily in his hand when he went "with his salutation" to the Virgin.

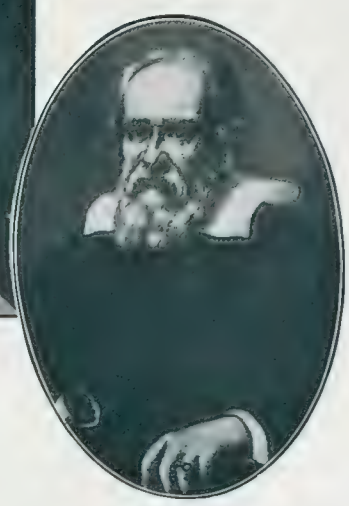
ORTHODOX PURITAN AND HETERODOX CATHOLIC: Galileo and Milton at the former's villa at Arcetri in 1638, by Gatti

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS — III.

Galileo and Maria Celeste

The Third Article in "The Sphere's" New Series of Unexpected Affinities Deals this Week with a World-shaking Freethinker and His Cloistered Natural Daughter

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS



"EPPUR SI MUOVE": Portrait of Galileo by Sustermans

If Romney sought out Emma Hamilton because where he was diffident she was confident, and because where he feared to offend she knew she must dazzle, it may be that we have found a basis on which one sort of friendship can be built. We have arrived not so much at a theory of opposites as of one of compensation and adjustment. It seems as if it were often a matter of one of the friends' incarnating qualities that are latent, but insistent, in the other.

But if this notion is any use, it ought to be possible to follow its clue through more than one labyrinth. Let us consider the case of a man who out-topped Romney, and who was in every way his opposite.

Galileo Galilei, the great astronomer, and physicist, was so disputatious that as an undergraduate he was called "The Wrangler." He was a man of powerful and questioning intellect, and was born into an age when the teachers at schools and universities made the dogmas of ancient learning into the touchstone of fact, and when, in the world outside, Inquisators were empowered to decide on matters of faith, morals, and fact.

Galileo seems to have had a singular character. He spent a long life in calling everything in doubt and in defying the Church, and died a martyr to plain speaking and the experimental method. He trusted nothing except what his own eyes could tell him with the help of the telescopes which he made. Like many men who scandalize mediocre people, he was very successful in talking to the men at the top, and got on excellently with cardinals, who were men of the world and lovers of the arts. At the same time, though he was worldly and disputatious and a doubter, there was a great deal of simplicity in his nature. Again, at the end of his life the Inquisators imprisoned him because he would continue to write and declare himself a follower of Copernicus, and a believer in the devastating theory that the earth was not the centre of the universe. But, though he thus differed from the Church he remained a good Catholic, and though he led an odd, irregular life, he was devoted to his family.

Almost since his boyhood Galileo had had to support a large number of abominable brothers and sisters. This was such a drain that he could not marry, but formed an irregular alliance with a woman in a lower social position, who seems to have been decidedly disagreeable. He found it awkward to make good matches for his two daughters because of their birth, and at last the problem of what he was to do with them was solved by his inducing them both to enter a convent. But Maria Celeste had a vocation.

It was with this daughter that he found an enduring friendship. She grew up, he writes, to be a "woman of exquisite mind and singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me." The fact was that Maria Celeste answered perfectly one side of her father's disposition. She understood and loved the side which made him accept so many family burdens, the side of him which was reflected in his sincere religious piety. As for her she worshipped him: "I daresay," she writes, "that the love and reverence I bear my dearest Lord and Father does surpass that of the generality of daughters." So her quiet mind and her simplicity became a refuge for him, and with her the gentle side of his nature could sun itself. With the world it was no good.

A spirit of wit and wickedness was constantly breaking out in him; he tried to get out of controversies, it is true, but only after he had plunged well in. "I think that in discussing what we see and hear about the world of nature, we ought not to begin with texts from the Bible, but with experiment and demonstration, for from the Divine Word Scripture and Nature alike proceed." His opponents were not in the least mollified. When Galileo, with the help of his new "optic glass," had made his great discovery of Jupiter's moons, he was met with this statement: "Jupiter's moons are invisible to the naked eye and therefore had no influence upon the world, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist." His first vision of the lunar mountains was greeted in the same way. Mountains were for beasts to roam on, beasts were for the use of man. There were no men in the moon, therefore there could be no mountains.

But with Maria Celeste he could be simple and innocent. She had never lived in the world but had taken the veil when she was almost a child. He was obliged to tell her a great deal. "From your beloved letter," she writes, "I see fully the little knowledge of the world I must possess. I feel sure that your love for me will induce you to excuse my ignorance."

But in some ways it was she who watched over him. Galileo is ill in Florence. Maria Celeste sends the convent steward to him with a little note saying that she never regrets being a nun except when her father is ill, because she would like to be with him. With the note are four plums. "If they are not in as great perfection as I could have wished, you must take the will for the deed." He ate the plums while he composed a cunning epistle to placate a highly intelligent Pope.

Letters from the convent were about faith or new-laid eggs, or washing, for the most part. She wrote a clear, delicate hand, and often used to transcribe his letters and papers. The convent was overcrowded, and although they were Franciscans, those of the nuns who were without private fortunes suffered by not being able to buy a cell to themselves. She writes timidly to her father: "I do not wish for any large or handsome room but merely for a little cabinet. To desire a little peace and solitude is a proper and honest desire."

She writes that she is making a set of collars and cuffs for him, and asks if he would like some cinnamon water, and next time he writes would he send her some more of the thread that she wants for embroidering her sister-in-law's handkerchiefs? She thanks him for the scorpions preserved in oil which shall now adorn the shelf of the pharmacy where she often works.

Then a storm shook the convent. One of the nuns went off her head, and Maria Celeste writes to her father about her attempts to take her life: "I was half out of my senses with fear, and so were the other nuns. The first time she knocked her head against the floor with such violence that her features became quite monstrous and deformed. The second time she gave herself thirteen wounds. At present we are well, thank God. . . ."

In 1629 Maria Celeste writes: "I should like to know how you feel now the weather is milder. Having nothing better I send you a little quince marmalade, made poor-man's fashion, that is, mixed with apples. If you do not care for it perhaps others will. If you have a fancy for any dish made by us nuns, please let us know."

But Galileo had written what the Church would not tolerate. The time came when he was summoned to Rome by the Holy Office to account for the publication of his famous *Dialogues*. He wrote back that he was ill, and therefore could not answer this summons of the Inquisition. They sent again. He said there was plague in some of the towns that he must pass through. That was no excuse. He said he was too old and ill to ride. The Inquisition answered that he had better come in a litter.

There was no help for it. Maria Celeste, the helpless cage-bird, must watch him set out to meet, she did not know what fate at the hands of men she must reverence. Once in Rome he was forced to keep indoors and show himself as little as possible—they knew that beguiling tongue. He was tormented with gout. The Inquisition would summon him to their prison and keep him for days, questioning him for hours at a time.

Galileo was an old man. Moreover he had not the comfortable assurance of the real freethinker that the Church was his natural enemy. Thus the severities of the cardinals and Inquisators were doubly poignant to him. He could not feel that these men ought to be against him. He could see no conflict between science and the Church.

At last the Holy Office issued its edict. He must recant and must say that everything concerning the stars in the Bible was true: he must declare that the earth stood fixed, the firm centre of the universe, and that the sun and the planets revolved round it. Maria Celeste, shut away in her convent, wracked by her double loyalty, was nearly distracted. "My dearest Lord and Father, I have written instantly that you might know how much I sympathize with you in your distress. Perhaps when you know this it will not be quite so hard to bear." Hers was a strange situation all through that time; a Corneille alone could perhaps do justice to its poignancy. Her faith in God and the Church seems to have mercifully remained unshaken in the extraordinary division of allegiance to which her simple heart was subjected. She loved tormentors and tormented, and only prayed that they might be reconciled.

The plague was raging and it was difficult to get news from Rome, so that for months Maria Celeste was nearly distraught with anxiety. And so it came about that, when at last the news came that Galileo had recanted, it came not as a final blow, but as a blessed relief to the Convent of St. Matthew; the nuns learned of it with joy. At any rate his life was now safe.

After he had been made to drink his cup of humiliation, Galileo was banished to Siena. He begged the authorities to allow him to go where he could sometimes see his daughter, but His Holiness would not give permission. Hope deferred began to tell on Maria Celeste. Several months passed and she grew worse. At last it was plain that she could not live. The Pope relented, and Galileo—now nearly blind—was able to hold the dying nun once more in his arms.

But the strange companions were only reunited for a leave-taking. In a few days poor Maria Celeste was dead, and old Galileo was alone and on his way back to prison.

THE OLD HOME OF GALILEO: Before he moved to Arcetri, he lived in this villa at Bellosguardo. The picture is from an old print of the villa, now the home of Mrs. George Keppel

WHERE GALILEO DIED: Villa il Gioiello at Arcetri, where the great philosopher-astronomer-physicist died in 1642

FRANCE IN TURMOIL

1830—When Charles X Defied his People and Louis-Philippe d'

WHO COULD NEITHER LEARN NOR FORGET: King Charles X, typical of the House of Bourbon, from the portrait by Baron François Gerard

THE BIVOUAC OF THE GARDE NATIONALE, picture by Cassies of the wavering troops who ultimately wen five fatal ordinances of Charles X were proclaimed. *In circ*

EGALITE'S SON: Queen Marie-Amèlie, the consort of Ki in a reign of eighteen years, terminated only by abdication, su

***Charles X** had been reigning in France for six years, having succeeded his brother, Louis XVIII, in 1824. He and his brother had been among the early emigrés from France at the time of the Revolution of 1789. Charles, Comte d'Arlois, had spent the greater part of the time since then in the pleasant quarters assigned to him by the British Government in Holyrood Palace. There he had remained until recalled to France at the downfall of Napoleon, when his brother became Louis XVIII. Though without personal charm, Louis XVIII had something of the shrewd sense of our Charles II, and in spite of unwise advisers, had managed to retain his throne till his death. At his death Charles succeeded to the throne as Charles X, and at once set about fulfilling his aim of ruling in the manner of Louis XIV. He is said to have remarked that he would rather hew wood than be a king like the King of England*

THE ATTACK ON THE CASERN IN THE RUE DE BABYLONE: A vivid impression of the civil war that was for a century never far from the streets of France

"LIBERTE GUIDING THE PEOPLE":

Charles X during the early months of 1830 laid the foundation of the Revolution which cost him his throne. Unwarned by the reception of an autocratic speech which he made in March, he had merely dissolved Parliament, hoping that the next election would send back members more to his liking. The same deputies were, however, elected again. On July 25 he issued five orainances by royal authority alone, which completely altered the constitution. The three days, July 26, 27, and 28, are known as the Three Glorious Days, when the people triumphed and the House of Bourbon was dismissed from the throne. Louis Philippe, "the King of the Barricades," was deliberately chosen by Paris and

A CENTURY AGO.

'Orleans came through the Barricades to the Throne—1930

DECEMBER 22, 1830: The
nt over to the populace when the
cle on left—THE WIFE OF
ing Louise-Philippe of Orléans, who
urvived seven attempts on his life

A painting by Delacroix of the Three Glorious Days

the French people to be their "citizen king" because he had fought under the tricolor and never taken arms against the Revolution. The streets of Paris were at once covered with placards giving the reasons for offering the crown to the Duc d'Orléans, who accepted the offer, declaring his intention to carry out the idea of the English constitution. During these few momentous days of July the long line of the Bourbons came to an end, for Louis Philippe reigned, not because he was a Bourbon, but in spite of it. Louis XVIII was the last of the French kings to die and be buried on French soil.

THE SON OF EGALITE:
Louis Philippe of Orléans,
from a miniature by Meuret

Louis Philippe Duc d'Orleans *was the eldest son of that Duc-d'Orleans who assumed the name of Egalité at the Revolution, when he voted for the death of Louis XVI, to the horror even of the Jacobins. His life had been a strange one, of many vicissitudes, having been an exile throughout the Napoleonic era, earning his living at first in Switzerland as a teacher, then wandering in the United States, and finally settling down at a villa at Twickenham. The return of the Bourbons restored to him his title and estates, but not the good will of the royal family, who could not forget the part his father had played, and that he himself at one time had fought for the Republic. However he was popular with the people of Paris, who were willing to make him their king after the Three Glorious Days*

FRANCE'S "ENGLISH" KING:
Louis-Philippe, who was the only
constitutional king France knew

THE LAST FRENCH KING TO BE BURIED IN FRENCH SOIL: Louis-Philippe and his sons—typical *aristos* of their age—ride out from Versailles

A FRIENDLY CRITIC: Professor Wilhelm Dibelius, whose recent book on England has attracted much attention and much praise

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAURIZIUS CASE": Jacob Wassermann, who has written a detective story on the Dostoieffsky model

BOOKS of the WEEK

JAMES LAVER offers

HOMAGE to KARSAVINA

briefly recommended

My Sixty Years of the Turf, by *Charles Morton.* **(Hutchinson. 18s. net.)**—The man who knows all about racing and racing folk opens the storehouse of his memory. Mr. Morton knows his stuff, for he trained winners of all the classic races and met everyone who was anyone—human or equine—in the racing world.

The European Heritage, by *Watson Kirkconnell.* **(Dent. 6s. net.)**—A successful attempt to set forth in brief but comprehensive form the several contributions made by the peoples of the premier Continent. It amounts in effect to a roll-call of men of genius in many fields.

The Elizabethan Home Discovered in Two Dialogues, by *Claudius Hollyband and Peter Erondell, and edited by M. St. Clare Byrne.* **(Cobden-Sanderson. 5s. net.)**—A graphic picture of home life in Shakespeare's day, discovered by two Huguenot refugees who taught French in London.

Rugby—A Series of Pencil Sketches, by *Joseph Pike.* **(Black. 3s. 6d. net.)**—A dozen sketches of the school where Ellis broke tradition by running with the ball in his arms, another dozen of the sleepy old-world town, and an admirable essay by H. C. Bradley, for many years a master at Tom Brown's school.

Germany, by *Gerald Bullett, Illustrated by E. T. and E. Harrison Compton* **(Black. 7s. 6d. net.)**—An Englishman of the English abroad, wandering where he will, recording what he liked. A chapter on German tourism and mountaineering, from the pen of Anthony Bertram, adds interest to a book which is a guide but not a guide book.

Froude and Carlyle, by *Waldo H. Dunn.* **(Longmans Green. 15s. net.)**—The Professor of English in the College of Wooster, U.S.A., gives a complete survey of the Froude-Carlyle controversy, and holds the scales with a notable impartiality. Confidence should be restored in Froude's biography by a perusal of the evidence marshalled in this work.

Historians of the twentieth century will find much to marvel at in the astonishing effect of the Russian Ballet. It introduced Western Europe to a new world of legend, profoundly modified its conception of the theatre, and even dictated the colour of the cushions in suburban boarding-houses. Even before Diaghileff died it was obvious that the ballet he organized had shot its bolt. It was interesting still, but no longer intoxicating. It was good entertainment but no longer a miracle. Fickle intellectuals like Cocteau, who had been among its most frenzied admirers, turned away with a shrug from its later manifestations. "C'est un vieux cheval, à qui ou donne une piqûre quelquefois!"

The mistake of regarding the Russian Ballet and the Diaghileff Ballet as one and the same thing is responsible for some undue pessimism now that the great impresario is dead and his troupe dispersed. Ballet is of all things the most difficult to create out of nothing, and Diaghileff was much too wise to try. What he did was to induce certain excellent dancers, trained to a high degree of perfection in the Imperial Ballet schools, to tour Europe under his command. This in itself would not have been such a remarkable achievement, but Diaghileff was something more than a *balletomane*. He was the chief organizer of *Mir Iskousstva*, the "World of Art," that group of young painters, inspired by Wronbel, to revolt against the faded conventions of official art in Russia. The most distinguished early members of this group were Benois and Bakst, and the name of the latter artist alone is sufficient to explain the force of Diaghileff's revolution.

Bakst was a remarkable if limited artist, and his sensuous orientalism went to the head first of Paris and then of London. The frank voluptuousness of *Scheherazade* was followed by the seductive cruelty of *Cléopâtre*, by the tongue-in-cheek romanticism of *Carnaval*, by the primitive savagery of *Tamar*. It would be strange if his contribution to the glory of the ballet did not overshadow not only that of the greater artist, Benois, but those of the composers, the dancers, and even that of Diaghileff himself. Bakst was an exotic flower grafted upon the stem of a very sound tree. The flower has fallen, but the tree still stands, for it is the great central tradition of dancing, passing from Carlo Blasis through Marius Petipa and Cecchetti; modified but not distorted by the innovations of Fokine, and continuing still in post-revolutionary Russia.

A book to remind us of these things has most opportunely been published, and will appeal not only to those interested in the ballet but to all who like a well-written autobiography. *Theatre Street*, by Tamara Karsavina, with an introduction by J. M. Barrie (Heinemann. 25s. net), is extraordinarily well written, vivid of phrase, and balanced in outlook, the work of a fine and sensitive mind. When one considers that Madame Karsavina came to England not so very long ago without knowing a word of the language, her achievement approaches the miraculous.

The great dancer had the ballet in her blood, for her father had the same profession. Like so many theatrical parents, he disapproved of his daughter's choice, but she persisted and had her way. The preliminary tests were passed, and she found herself an inmate of the Imperial Ballet School.

Dancing was (and I believe still is) taken very seriously in Russia, how seriously may be judged from Karsavina's charming account of her school days. The discipline was strict, almost monastic, and while the children were given a good general education, they were never allowed to forget the main reason for their existence—to dance. Their clothes were extremely plain, like those of charity children. It was the caterpillar stage of the future butterflies. During Karsavina's noviciate Anna Pavlova was her senior by some years, Lydia Kyasht her exact contemporary, while a cherubic child named Lopokova entered the school just as she was leaving.

The autobiographies of actresses usually waste little time over school days. The authoress is too eager to get to the stupendous triumphs and the overwhelming receptions. But Karsavina spends nearly half her book on her preparation for the stage, and we are grateful not only for the intimate pictures of a remarkable institution, but for the charm of her descriptions, the beauty which illuminates every phase of her career, even the desperate struggle with poverty in which her parents were constantly engaged.

Delightful as the first part of the book is, the interest cannot but quicken with the advent of Diaghileff, for Karsavina was for years his chief female dancer, the sharer in all his hopes and triumphs. There is no need to tell over again a story which is sufficiently well known; how Diaghileff rented the Châtelet (of all theatres), and took Paris by storm. The experience of those first nights must remain among the best memories of all who had a share in them; Karsavina was the partner of Nijinsky, and a large part of the adulation of the public was necessarily hers. Yet she was never spoiled by it, but always remained the modest, unassuming woman whose good-natured sanity shines through the pages of her book.

She hated England at first—the perpetual organ-grinding in the streets, the brass knobs in the floor of the Coliseum stage—but grew to love it at last, and is now the wife of an Englishman and a permanent resident in our midst. She endured some of the miseries of the Revolution, and had a thrilling escape from the Bolsheviks. When it became a question of rescuing her small son from their clutches, the gentle creature became a tiger-cat. One of their frontier agents suggested that it was of no great matter "if the little cur gets drowned." "What words I then hurled at him I can't recall, but curiously enough he backed to the door, muttering apologies."

Yet the Revolution has not extinguished the Russian love of the ballet, and there is no more telling passage in the present book than the story of how Karsavina's brother was hauled at midnight before the dreaded Cheka. "You are in correspondence with abroad," said the Commissar. "Who are your correspondents?" "My sister." "What is her name?" "Karsavina." "*You* are the brother of Karsavina!" The Commissar veered round in his revolving chair. "*Giselle* is her best part, don't you think?" "I can't agree with you," said my brother, "I consider *The Fire Bird* one of her finest achievements." "Oh, do you?" The conversation wandered on to the aims of the art. The prosecution was forgotten. "Won't you write to your sister?" asked the Commissar at parting. "Tell her to come back. Tell her she will be received with honours."

The Russian Ballet may have shot its bolt in Western Europe, but its influence persists. It was indeed nothing less than a cultural Renaissance, and in that Renaissance no one played a more glorious part than Karsavina, and no one has written a better account of it than is contained in her book.

The story of Diaghileff is almost enough to make us forget the Russian reputation for procrastination and incompetence. The publication of an early and overlooked play by Chekhov will serve as a reminder. *That Worthless Fellow Platonov* (Dent. 6s. net), translated by John Cournos, is a valuable contribution to Chekhovian literature, for it shows the dramatist groping towards the method which was to find its perfect expression in *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*. Platonov is a kind of futile Don Juan, futile (like so many Chekhov characters) not because of his faults but because of his virtues. An interesting feature of the present version is the retention (in brackets) of passages deleted by the author. It enables the reader to follow very closely the workings of Chekhov's mind in his search for the revealing phrase.

Diaghileff's *flair* (for we must keep returning to Diaghileff) for as yet unrecognized talent was not confined to dancing and painting. Did he not say of Stravinsky: "Mark him well. He is a man on the eve of celebrity?" *Stravinsky's Sacrifice to Apollo*, by Eric Walter White (Hogarth Press. 6s. net), is a study of the master from his romantic to his neo-classical period. A list of his major works takes up the greater part of the appendix, but for most of us *Petrouchka* and *The Fire Bird* overshadow all the rest. Did not Karsavina dance in both?

MORAY McLAREN, the author of a book entitled "Return to Scotland: an Egoist's Journey," just published by Duckworth. It is being much talked of at the moment both in and out of Scotland, for beyond the territorial significance of this journey which was made on foot after many year's absence, there is a psychological interest running through all its pages which holds the reader's attention from start to finish. At times the narrative holds an exciting episode such as the escape of the author on the hills from a tramp who had designs upon his money. The manner in which this tramping mechanic is foiled on the hill-side makes excellent reading, as does the expedition with the Highland fisherman to the little island of Barra, where the author discovers in the offices of the primitive church some rest for his wandering spirit

The WEEKLY SURVEY *of the* SPHERE.

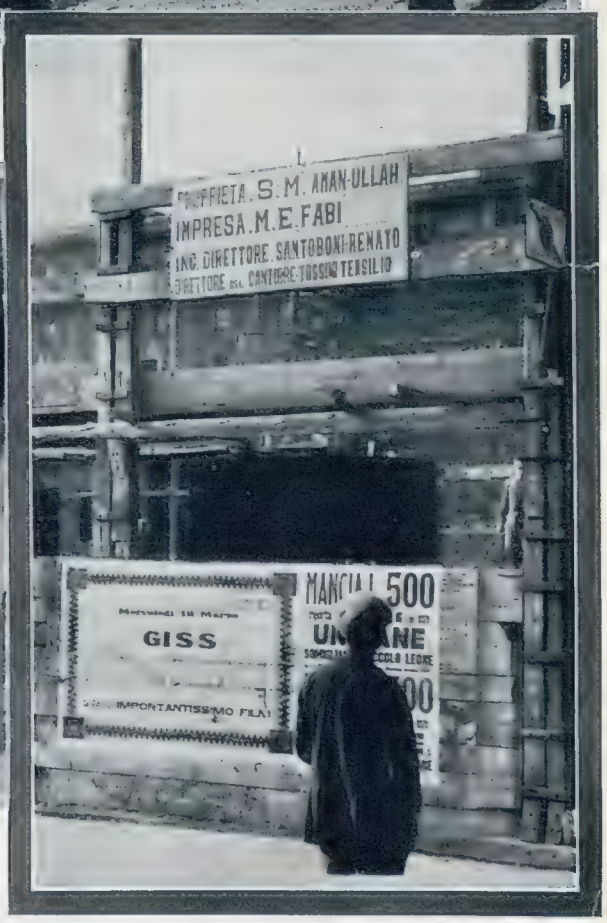
Communist Riots in New York: Agriculture Stimulated in Italy: A Tragedy in a Rand Mine: Amanullah a Speculative Builder — but not of Empires

BEFORE THE CLASH: Police Commissioner Grover Whalen and Inspector O'Brien (centre) direct police activities on Red Thursday in New York. *On right*—Two constables force a Communist to keep moving

A SHORT WAY WITH COMMUNIST RIOTERS IN NEW YORK: A scene in Union Square during the charge of the mounted police on Red Thursday. One Communist is seen hurled to the ground

ST. BENITO OF THE FARMERS: Signor Mussolini is doing everything he can to promote agriculture in Italy. *On left* are the show vans lined up in Rome before the touring Agriculture Show left on its journey with Il Duce's benison. *On right* Mussolini is seen at the Piazza Venezia, Rome, inaugurating his campaign, of which this tour is a cardinal factor

TRAGEDY IN A MINE: Workmen descending a 3,000-ft. deep pit in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg. The wire screen over the cage protects the miners from falling rocks. A few days ago one of the worst accidents in the history of the Rand, which resulted in the death of one and the injury of two Europeans and the death of twenty-eight natives, occurred in the shaft explored some time ago by the Prince of Wales. The skip broke loose and crashed 1,600 ft. to the bottom of the pit. The 20-ft. cage was crushed to 3 ft. by the impact. In passing a level a European was sucked into the vortex created by the rush of air and fell on the wrecked cage



AMANULLAH STILL SPECULATES: The King of Afghanistan, who lost his crown at a hazard, is now speculating in house property in Rome. His ex-Majesty's name is seen inscribed as the proprietor of a new fashionable mansion

GOOD DRAMA *of* TO-DAY *and* YESTERDAY

A Devoted Brother at the Globe Theatre : A Devoted Lover at the Garrick

CHARLES AND MARY AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: George Dyer (Mr. Andrew Leigh) is an amusing character in Miss Joan Temple's excellent play woven out of the story of Charles and Mary Lamb. *Below*—Charles addresses Mary with fierce-sounding endearments

THE DISTRACTING HOUSEHOLD OF THE LAMBS: The action of Miss Joan Temple's delightful play at the Globe Theatre begins in the Lambs' lodgings at Little Queen Street. The father (Mr. Drelincourt Odlum) is perpetually bothering Mary when she is attempting to finish a piece of needlework. The two brothers—John Lamb (Mr. Douglas Burbidge) and Charles Lamb (Mr. Peter Ridgeway) are discussing the family situation in the background

THE DEVOTED LOVER WAITS FOR MARGUERITE: Armand (Mr. Glen Byam Shaw) is here seen at the country retreat of the lovers waiting for his beloved Marguerite. It is here that the father (Mr. C. V. France) comes and demands the sacrifice of her love

THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS REALIZES THE DEPTH OF ARMAND'S LOVE: In a beautifully designed Sheringham salon, Marguerite (Miss Tallulah Bankhead), in flounced skirts, has her first intimate interview with the young Armand who soon demonstrates the depth of his affection for her in contrast to the shallow interest of her other associates. These pictures were taken by a special "Sphere" camera during the action of the piece which is drawing crowded houses to the Garrick Theatre

•The WORLD of WOMEN•

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW CENTRAL PUBLIC HEALTH COMMITTEE: Dr. Florence Barrie Lambert, who is a notable figure on the L.C.C.

The FOOL *doesn't exist who couldn't* "BE A WRITER!"

By KATE O'BRIEN

I have never yet employed a charwoman who hasn't told me that she could write a book—if only she had time. And of course in the hackneyed sense in which we could all write one, the charwoman could probably write the most marvellous book of all. Her view of life is true and hard and unfalsified. But, by the perversity of things, if she could write the life she knows—in the degree of excellence with which she wrote so much the less charwoman she. The "norm" of charwoman, the George Belcher char—her life written from the inside, could hardly fail to be a masterpiece; but in writing it she would cease, spiritually at least, to live it. What they forget, all these would-be writers, these talented young people of fashion, these literary charwomen, is that matter and inclination are only two rough tools out of a whole box of tricky instruments.

The pursuers of other arts and crafts are not plagued to anything like the same extent by the yearnings of self-confident ignorance. We are all perfectly well aware, for instance, that we cannot play the fiddle; unlike the man in *Punch*, we do not need to try it first in order to find out. We would be very timid indeed if invited to run a grocery shop at a moment's notice. The works of Wagner and of the plumber and his mate are alike unfathomable mysteries; and if a few persist in imagining that they can cook an omelette out of eggs and inspiration alone—the more fools they! But write? Oh, everyone can, or could, or once thought of, or often thinks of writing. Everyone, that is except writers.

"If writers appear dull and unsociable sometimes, or over-endowed with the despised virtues of patience and perseverance, might it not be because they are finding their work very difficult, and discovering that the more they bring to it the more it eludes and worries them? That they have chained themselves to an apprenticeship that will never be done? Exactly, say our fashionable and talented young people, exactly what I say, my dear. They haven't it in them, they are not born writers — haven't the temperament, poor lambs—too terribly sad. Now if I were once to get myself going I truly wouldn't know where to stop. . . . Precisely. And one begs leave to doubt whether the brilliant creatures would know where to begin either.

The charwoman, seeing one bent, wordless, morning after morning at one's patient desk, is sceptically sympathetic: "Let it be, madam, dear, let it be, child. Here's a nice hot cup of tea for you. Often when I see you there I think of the tales I could tell if I had half your learning. Ah, well, never mind. Drink up your tea, dear."

So they pity us as we stick at our endless, hopeless, enchanting, unmasterable job; for which we find it necessary to eschew bridge and night clubs and matinée committees; and even to let our cups of tea get cold.

Bertram Park

THE GLORY OF THE BALLET RUSSE: Mlle Tamara Karsavina, whose reminiscences, just published under the title of "Theatre Street," are reviewed on page 488 of this issue

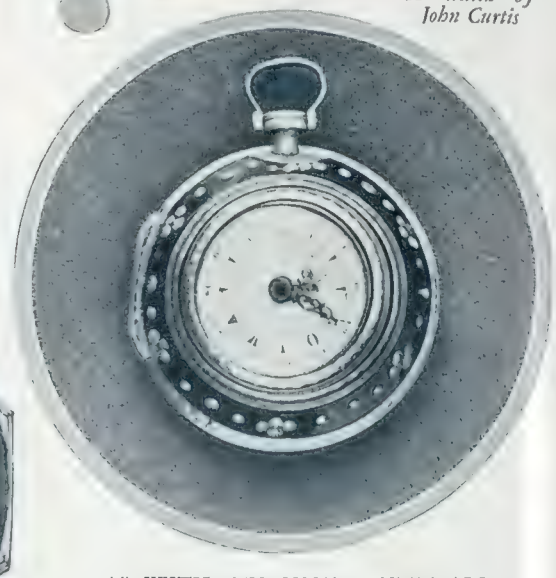
THE WORLD OF

The POCKET ENEMY

(1) DIAL: *An old watch by Jno. Ashton in tortoiseshell and silver. This watch embellished with a river scene dates from 1804*

(2) MOVEMENT: *The internals of the watch seen on left*

(3) DATING FROM 1675: *A watch by John Curtis*



(4) WITH TURKISH NUMERALS: *A watch by Markwick Markham and Perigal*

(5) OF REVOLUTION DAYS: *A watch by James Vigne, 1795*

It is useless in such an article as this to quote the treasures of Mr. Pierpont Morgan or M. Garnier. As well say to a man with five hundred a year who wants a picture or two for his dining-room, "You'll need a Rembrandt for a start, and then perhaps after that a couple of Goyas." Watches by masters corresponding to these — Johannes Van Ceulen, Rugendas, Jeremy East — are so few in number, so well known, that the chance of one coming into the hands of the small collector may be said not to exist. But, luckily for all of us, there is still beauty to be found apart from rarity; and more luckily still, beauty and money value do not always run together. Indeed, the most delightful thing about watches is the loving and incredible care which every maker, even the most obscure, seems to have brought to his craft. As an illustration let me give the first watch I ever bought, which is with me still. (1) Watch by Jno. Ashton, dial Jno. Ashton: (2) Same, movement.

Its outer case is of tortoiseshell, studded with silver pins. Its dial is painted with a river scene, busy yet romantic. (For I think the church on the far bank is a ruin.) There is a man vigorously rowing; another boat, quite unattended; a stile, a tree, birds, a farther distant steeple, and a man rather self-consciously fishing, seated bolt upright; all in a circle of $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter. The maker is one Jno. Ashton of Leek, in Staffordshire. Date, 1804.

Now who, I should like to know, has ever heard of Jno. Ashton? He comes, true, of good clockmaking stock; there are men of his name making watches in 1663, and throughout succeeding reigns. But from Mr. Pierpont Morgan's standpoint Jno. is naught. So much the better for me. I was able to buy this specimen of his work for two pounds; and for that small sum have had the joy of his charming brass engraving, his Izaak Walton of a dial, and the rare craftsmanship that permits this watch after a century and a quarter still to keep time.

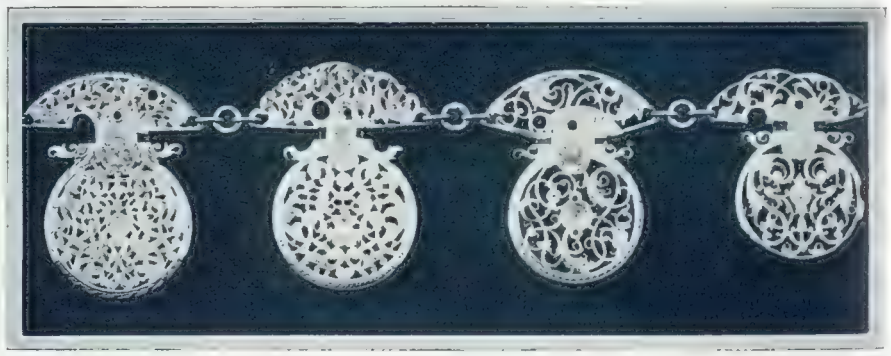
The next watch that I choose for illustration is something far more grand. (3) Watch by John Curtis, about 1675. This watch represents the zenith of my buying.

Then there is the watch by Markwick Markham and Perigal, dated a little later than this, which has three cases, two of silver and an outer one of tortoiseshell, silver studded; the diameter of the outer case is just one inch and three-quarters. The dial, oddly enough, has Turkish hour numerals, and on the whole deserves a photograph, as does the back of the case by James Vigne, who kept his shop at No. 2, Strand, from 1770 till 1794. This last is of green fish-skin with a pattern of gold studs. (4) Watch by Markwick Markham and Perigal; (5) Watch by James Vigne, date 1795.

All these watches are English; not that I set out to collect English work only, but in England they are, naturally, more easily come by. I have, however, three or four French watches, of which

(7) BORDERED WITH PEARLS: *A charming, but anonymous, French watch*

the most admirable—not lovable, too fine altogether to be imagined in anyone's pocket, even that of a Marquis—of the watch whose portrait is given above. Its case is of gold, with a medallion of exquisite enamel, and bordered back and front with pearls. It cost £20, and maintains its aloofness by being anonymous, Date, somewhere about 1780. (7) French watch, anonymous. Date about 1780.



(6) *Below*—WATCH-COCKS: *Decorative and individual treatments*

PALATE ODDITIES

A guest at a recent luncheon party where some very choice apples were served uncooked, asked for salt, explaining that a powdering of it brought out the flavour of the fruit. That set his neighbour commenting upon strange amalgamations, and it was recalled that in Yorkshire cheese and apple tart are eaten together. Many people like to sugar their green peas, though sugar is added to them when they are being cooked; and it is declared by others that peppered strawberries are digestible, even to those they don't as a rule suit.

To take with mutton jelly of some kind, preferably red currant, is a growing taste. People are fond of experimenting in palate oddities, and one way of getting plenty of lemon juice into the system is to sprinkle it over game, particularly wild duck.

FOR THE MODERN MEAL: *On such a charming table as this delicacies can be set to advantage*

WOMEN SECTION—cont.

SHALL WE RETURN TO THIS: *The super-formality of the 'eighties as seen at the revival of "Dandy Dick"*

The CLEVERNESS *of Good Manners . . . !*

— Not only charming but an essential to social success

By Diana Bourbon

"Manners," someone declared to me the other day—a fellow-journalist, too. She ought to have known better than to give away the idea—"will get much, much worse before we finish up the charm of being impolite. And then suddenly everyone will re-discover the primitive fact that you can't Run Life on being rude, and we shall be in for an era of *extreme* formality again. Notes of acknowledgment and thanks. Days at home. Dinner calls. And a sense of gratitude and obligation."

All quite true, of course. There *is* (was—especially when it was a novelty) something wonderfully refreshing about the social benediction on being rude on certain occasions and to some people. The joy—ten times multiplied for those, like myself, brought up in the old school, in which "manners *was* manners!"—of not suffering bores gladly! Of deliberately omitting the formerly obligatory note of thanks for a duty dinner-party one had been coerced into attending, and regretted for the two-three hours of its painful duration! Of issuing and accepting invitations carelessly over the telephone, so that one had a perfect excuse for "forgetting" them if something more attractive turned up! Or at the very last minute (instead of two weeks ahead), so that one *knew* positively that one was in the exact mood for fulfilling them!

Oh, yes. *Very* refreshing. *Great* charm.

Just lately I have realized overpoweringly that the people (especially in these cavalier days) who make a principle of good manners *are extraordinarily clever people.* They aren't just wasting effort and pleasantness on the desert air! They are making a shrewd investment that brings in endless dividends. (Whether they are making it deliberately or not.)

I know a woman of great charm and some talent. She has a host of friends who appreciate the one and are for ever celebrating and pushing the other. How does she do it? Just manners. She spends perhaps an hour a day writing technically unnecessary little notes, making agreeable little telephone calls. Noticing and almost effusively appreciating the things that everybody else would ignore.

Those who give her a present, however small, however valueless, are sure to find it ostentatiously in use somewhere about the house next time they call. She would never make the *gaffe* of calling their attention to it. (She doesn't need to.)

England's most successful young composer-dramatist—not one of you who doesn't know his name—has made more friends and cured more potential enemies than most of us ever thought of having by the simple expedient of never forgetting a face, *or the name that goes with it.* Months after some casual meeting, running into one in the street, "Why how do you do, Mrs. So-and-So, or Mr. Blank!" he will exclaim. And off goes Mrs. So-and-So or Mr. Blank a confirmed "fan."

The other day a woman I hardly know—member, too, of the celebratedly cavalier younger set—confirmed a casually given invitation to a dance with a charmingly expressed little note. The same afternoon a letter from a well-known novelist arrived—to express his appreciation of a verbal tribute I had paid his most recent work in the hearing of a mutual friend who had reported it.

Both gestures were, strictly speaking, unnecessary. Both were supremely pleasant. And without for a moment intending to be both were consummately clever.

Self-interest is not, one supposes, the highest ethical ground on which to advocate good manners. But being polite, even to one's own advantage, has a certain superiority over the facility of being rude.

A RARE BINDING OF THE XVIITH CENTURY

COLLECTING *and preserving* OLD BINDINGS

By Cecil March

A fascinating hobby for those who love books and who find shelves upon shelves stuffed with books, the loveliest decoration of which any room is capable (I confess I am one of them) is the collection of fine old bindings. Not just indiscriminate bindings—books, that is, for the sake of their age and appearance, not their contents.

Some of the best places to search out such treasures, without having to pay exorbitant prices for them, are the second-hand bookshops of small country or seaside towns. Each treasure secured, comes the question of restoring it to an approximation of its former glory, and, especially, its preservation from further decay.

First dissolve ½ oz. of beeswax in 11 oz. of hexane. (This is the troublesome process, for hexane is very inflammable, and the wax *must* be warm.) Next add 1 oz. of cedarwood and 7 oz. of anhydrous lanolin. This mixture cannot hurt the most delicate binding, and each ingredient performs some special task. The lanolin, for instance, is absorbed into the leather and preserves it from attack by the acid in the atmosphere. The wax polishes the surface and binds any cracks or scratches. The cedarwood binds both these ingredients to the leather, and also acts as an additional preservative. The hexane is merely a "thinner" which dissolves the wax (it might otherwise harm delicate bindings in the process of application) and then evaporates.

Having given the recipe—now for the method of treatment. Take your old books, and using all care to protect the pages, *wash the leather covers* with water and a good white soap. Allow the books to dry thoroughly—it may take several days. Apply the preservative already described, and let this soak in for two days, by which time the stickiness will have disappeared. Then polish gently with a soft cloth. The treatment is as effective with vellum as with leather bindings—and both will come up as new.

Both illustrations by courtesy of Christie, Manson, and Woods

OF EARLY ITALY: *A book cover of Italian cut leather*

PITY THE DECORATOR! *To create even such a simple room as this may well strain his (or her) nerves almost to the breaking point*

THE TRIALS *of the* INTERIOR DECORATOR

— The pacification of prejudice is a full-time job!

By Derek Patmore

That admirable play, *Nine Till Six*, which depicts so vividly the "behind the scenes" of a fashionable dressmaker's establishment, shows us, the general public, how difficult and tiresome customers—including ourselves—can sometimes be!

There's an idea prevalent amongst most people that working in a dressmaking establishment, or "doing interior decoration," for a living must be rather fun. One never really has to do much work. After all (with regard to interior decoration) choosing colour schemes is child's play! As a lady sitting next to me at luncheon said to me the other day: "I should think decorating other people's homes must be awful fun. Terribly *fascinating!*"

But women can be maddening as customers when it comes to the question of decorating their own homes. First of all there is the woman who can never make up her mind. Just when you have managed to get the lady in question to decide finally upon what colours she wants her drawing-room walls to be painted she goes to see a friend. And then the trouble begins. Next day you are greeted: "You know, I am worried about the colours we have chosen for the drawing-room. My friend told me yesterday that I can't possibly have green walls and a crimson carpet. . . . Besides, it's unlucky she tells me. A friend of hers had a green room, and had nothing but bad luck afterwards. What am I to do? You know, I can't afford to make a mistake!" And so it goes on. Every time the lady sees one of her friends the colour schemes have to be changed, and then, when the house has been finally decorated, she will go round saying: "Never go to so-and-so's again. Absolute robbers, my dear!" Whereas the decorator in question has probably altered the rooms so often that he has sacrificed any profit he might have made on the job to satisfy his customer!

Then there is the lady who sees herself as no one else sees her—an alluring Sappho or a bewitching twentieth-century version of Madame de Pompadour—when in reality she is round and fat and middle-aged and wears spectacles! When you try and dissuade her from having her rooms hung with gaily-coloured taffetas and furnished with gilt cupids and ornate gold furniture, suggesting that perhaps a nice suite of Queen Anne walnut and panelled walls would be more appropriate, she is outraged, and leaves the shop in a temper!

It is no easy task being a successful interior decorator. The man who undertakes this career must be as subtle as a diplomat. Women are never so successful. Why? Because women like to do business of this kind with men, and not with one of their own sex.

The decorator must be able to flirt charmingly over the tea-cups, and thus coax a difficult client into buying the furniture he wants to sell her. He must be perfectly controlled, and exhibit no signs of surprise if his lady customer receives him in her bedroom to discuss business.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

MOTOR-COATS—1930 Models.

From Four Notable Houses,
Pictured by Mesdames Morter

OIL-DRESSED LEATHER: *A mahogany brown coat of singular suppleness, by Burberry of the Haymarket*

WIND- AND WEATHER-PROOF: *The double-breasted "Studdington" motor-coat*

NOT TOO SHORT—NOT TOO LONG: *A leather coat by Austin Reed of Regent Street, which covers the knees but does not interfere with the gear-lever*

REVERSIBLE: *A rubber-proofing coat which is red silk poplin on the other side. An excellent garment for racing or motoring, by H. G. Mills of Wells Street. The coat above in Scotch heavy-weight tweed is by Studd and Millington of Conduit Street*

SPRING —1930

—Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest if you would be well-dressed

By Madge Garland

For the first time for many years the almost-classic phrase referring to fashion as an evolution rather than as a series of revolutions is untrue. This year has seen the sudden adoption of what was merely rumoured last—our skirts are really long and our waists are normal. An expression which seems to imply that the poor things have been temporarily deranged, but are at last returned to sanity, though the derangement might with justice be imputed to their owners if they can believe all the stories recently told of the unhygienic long skirt. Let me put your minds at rest at once—skirts are ankle-length only for evening wear, for day wear they reach at most to the middle of the calf.

At the present moment skirts appear to be longer than they are owing to the higher waistline, which has added the four or five inches to the skirt which it has subtracted from the bodice. Sports clothes are not appreciably longer; they reach from four to six inches below the knees, or conversely, about fourteen inches from the ground; their skirts are full, but fit closely around the hips. Town clothes show not only longer and fuller skirts but a more elongated silhouette achieved by a carefully moulded line and an apparently high waist, often achieved by ignoring the actual waist and simulating a higher line by adding a little bolero. Dinner gowns reach to the ankles, and evening gowns just clear the floor except, those very few models which are designed for very formal occasions; these have small trains, but are definitely not for ordinary evening and particularly not for restaurant wear.

Sport and morning costumes are composed of the new thin fine tweeds, which are hardly thicker or heavier than georgette, and these one-piece dresses are accompanied by coats of a heavier weight but of an identical pattern. Both large and small pleats are still seen, but a circular cut is extremely popular when the material is of a texture to permit it. Three-piece suits now comprise a skirt, short coat, and blouse rather than sweater. Blouses are of washing silk, lacy woollens, or of muslin, gathered and frilled as we have not seen it for years, and are tucked into the skirt—so are the jumpers when they are worn. Afternoon gowns show a preference for very carefully fitted waist-and-hip-lines, short boleros, small detachable capes, and flared skirts which reach midway between the knees and the ankles. Crêpe de chine, marocain, frequently patterned with tiny spots or stars, and innumerable flowered silks are to be seen, and many coats of plain, dark materials are lined with the same stuff as the accompanying dress; but these are now three-quarter or seven-eights length and rarely reach to the hem of the dress. Green is a fashionable colour, two blues are often combined, black and white is, of course, always good, so are beiges and browns. Sleeves often stop short either just above or just below the elbow, chiefly the former. Some are puffed and caught by tiny bows, others are full and give the effect of a short cape.

Dozens of the new hats are small draped affairs of satin or flexible straw, and the edict that the new models are provided with brims does not mean that we are going to be overshadowed with gigantic "picture hats," but that the summer is expected and therefore a small amount of shade may occasionally be welcome.

Evening gowns are immensely full and, as I have already said, are always ankle or floor length. Many show uneven hems achieved by panels, draperies, etc., but the definitely up-and-down silhouette is out-of-date. The princess line has returned in a very different version from that sponsored by Miss Camille Clifford, and nothing could better illustrate the pessimistic slogan that "nothing is ever the same twice" than a comparison of the modern and 1910 princess silhouette.

Although some gowns dispense with a waistline altogether, the majority mark a natural waist with a narrow sash, and some have quite wide fitted belts of satin or velvet. Flounces and tiers of frills are much seen, and are charming for young girls; draperies, some imitating classic lines, panels, pleats, and fringes — all are variously employed. Flowered chiffon remains popular, satin, georgette, and tulle, or rather the fine marquisette which has superseded it, alternate with lace and lace-trimmed models. Some gowns are high in front; all are low at the back. Evening coats are short, rarely reaching lower than the hips; many take the form of fitted riding-coats carried out in velveteen; others are of the cape variety.

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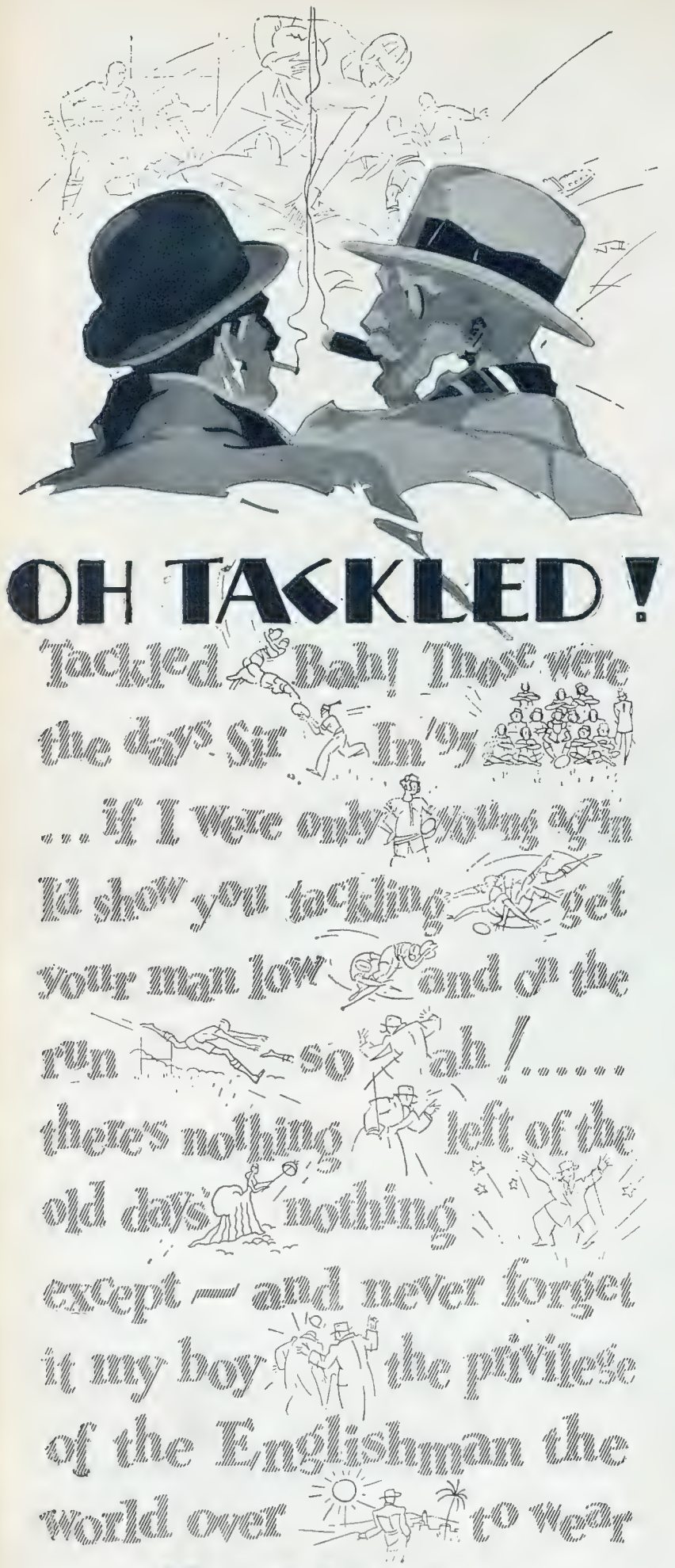

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HATTERS SINCE 1865

The Distinction you can afford

M. B.

The Land of the "Quaker Sheikhs"

by Lady Drummond Hay

(Continued from page 483)

"No, there is no garden or courtyard to the house. She remains in her rooms. My mother can visit her, so can I, but she must not go out. Yes, she was unhappy at first and cross-tempered"—this last as a grudging admission—"now she does not mind."

"Women must not go out when the husband is at home," he continued, eager to justify his rôle of guide and informer. "The husband does not allow them to go out when he is there. If he goes away, perhaps the wife will go out, but come back quickly in case he returns. Not my sister, of course. Not *my* sister," he added anxiously.

The idea of women's emancipation in any guise does not seem to have entered the Mozabite head yet. One man did go so far as to remark that the veiling of women is futile.

"If a woman wants to do wrong she will do it, veil or no veil. It is much easier for her to get into mischief under the cover of a veil than if she had to run the gauntlet of her neighbours who know her."

Another whom I questioned seemed surprised that I should imagine the women might be unhappy. "Why should they be? They are not alone. There are generally other wives in the house." Pointing to a sadly ugly old creature, gathering firewood, he added conclusively, "You see, she is not even veiled. Emancipation, as you call it, is only a matter of years."

No Mozabite woman is allowed to leave the M'zab. That is not a Moslem or French law but one of the M'zab. For all that, the Mozabite woman enjoys the rights of the Moslem woman, which are not inconsiderable even compared to the legal status of women in certain western countries. Other rights as well she has. For instance, each girl when she marries acquires several trustees responsible for her well-being.

In the old days of transport by camel and caravan, husbands who travelled north to make their fortunes were required to return at the end of five years to their country and their wives. If at the end of five years, after official recall by the wife's trustees, the man did not return, or refused to, the wife was entitled to a divorce with custody of the children, a pension, and all the household goods. When transport was later by horse and cart over roads, the period was shortened to three years. Now that the distance is covered by motor-lorry, the Mozabite husband is allowed to remain away for only two years.

Such a law is rendered necessary by the habits of the Mozabites, who go north to Algiers and the big centres to trade and make their fortunes. They open shops, indulge in commerce, generally two or three partners together, who take it in turn to return to Ghardaia or their city for a rest. They live in communities very economically, sharing rooms and a common kitchen to save expense. Almost invariably they return home rich, and centre in Ghardaia, which is a "pleasure resort" and little more than that. These "Jews of Araby" work through the years in anticipation of buying land, raising an oasis, where they and their families can spend the rest of their lives under the shade of their own date-palms.

Curiously enough, the Mozabite does not settle in the north nor does he take his family there. His objective remains the M'zab and a palm-grove.

The cities of the M'zab are picturesque to a degree. When I was there the market-places were ablaze with the gold of a rich date-harvest, the crimson of pomegranates, aubergines, with oranges and sweet lemons. But there is no need to go to the market to buy dates or pomegranates. Both can be had for the picking. Custom sanctions the traveller to pick as many dates as he can eat on the spot, but none must be carried away. Pomegranates lie on the roadside fallen in their juicy ripeness from the trees.

There are some "shops" in these cities stocked with necessities, such as tin tea-pots, candles, cloth, lamps, crockery, matches, electric torches, etc. A brisk trade is done in old cast-off rubber motor-tyres with which the cobblers skilfully sole shoes. Most of the people go barefoot or wear sandals. The children are pretty, but strangely apathetic, content to sit in imitation of their squatting elders rather than run about and play. Anything does for clothes for them, an old sack or a tuft of rags.

The men look imposing in their white burnous, often very beautifully embroidered in silk by the tailors. Mozabite women use antimony kohol thickly around their eyes, but when I scoured the various markets to find the ornamental little silver or brass kohol pots in use in the north, I discovered that they store this cosmetic in a hollow reed. The Jewish women in the Jewish quarter are not veiled.

Under a grape-vine pergola Si ben Abdullah, the Sheikh ed Daya of the oasis, entertained me to sweet mint tea, to luscious grapes hanging from the vine within my reach, to ripe dates from the heavily-laden palm close to my hand.

In the cool, dark mission, the White Fathers told me of their work and wanderings in the Sahara, where they vie with the proud Arab, the veiled Tuareg, and the fierce warrior in horsemanship and endurance.

From the Sacred City of Melika, I looked down on Ghardaia, from undefiled Beni-Isguen one can view both. Beni-Isguen is the Holy City to-day, where no smoking, no alcohol is allowed, and where every Christian, Jew, or Moslem must leave before the gates are closed at sundown. The city is absolutely clean and tidy, not so much as a piece of paper on the streets.

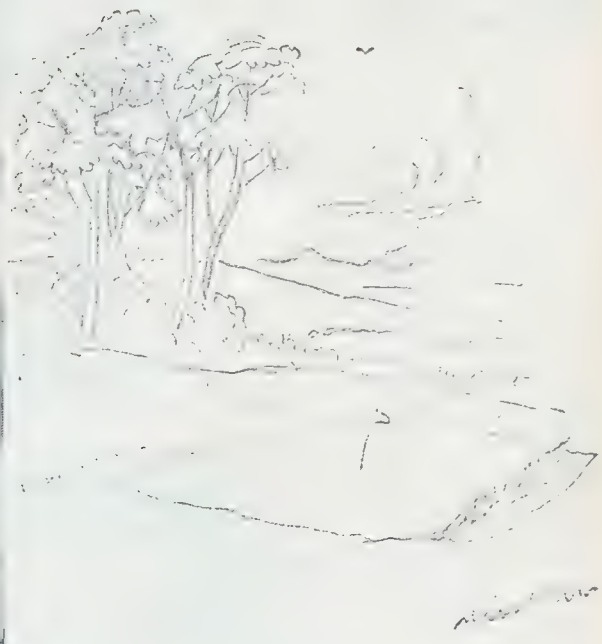
The other M'zab cities in addition to Berriane, Ghardaia, Beni-Isguen, Melika, are Bou-Noura, El-Ateuf, and Guerrera—all alike in architecture, in custom, in peacefulness, and atmosphere, unmoved by the world around, unmindful of western progress or eastern restlessness.

For all their Quakerishness these sheikhs do enjoy night-life. One evening I was invited to a café to see the Ouled Nail dancers, not the kind of "Arab café" I found subsequently in Biskra or Tunis run for tourists, but a genuine resort of the desert.

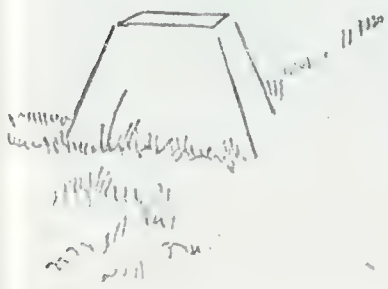
The entrance, off a side street, was low and small. A fair-sized white-washed room crowded to the last inch with what one of the party aptly described as "Kings of Orient.' Kings indeed they might have been, dignified, bearded, bright-eyed, many handsome, wearing gleaming white burnous under which one could glimpse fine silken embroideries. There they sat in rows on rough benches, unsmiling, never moving a muscle as the girls came out, one by one, or two by two, to twist and turn, gyrate, and mime a bit, then retire. It was hardly "dancing."

Three musicians played Arab music while a coal-black master of ceremonies in striped burnous called out the girls by name to come forward and do their turn. The girls were dressed in simple white muslin dresses reaching down to the ankles, up to the neck, with sleeves to the elbow or wrist. A silver belt clasped each ample waist. Heavy jewellery hung round their necks, earrings flashed, bracelets tinkled on their arms. Rings stiffened their fingers. Anklets over stockings tapping against the straps of European shoes, a "pill-box" hat or tinsel turban, completed this incongruous, if excessively chaste, costume.

Days all too short in the M'zab, to which I said good-bye at Guerrera, the M'zab outpost on the track to Touggout. From Touggout, junction of the caravans, where even the veiled Tuareg occasionally ventures to re-stock his caravan—to Biskra—and "civilization" once again. I did not want to be "civilized." My heart lingered obstinately in the sunshine and with the Golden Age of the Land of the "Quaker Sheikhs" where Time stands still.



Avoiding hazards....



Spring is the most popular time for men to buy plus-four suits. It is also the most hazardous.

In the springtime, in moments of joyous abandon, a man frequently finds it very difficult to distinguish the buoyant from the boisterous.

This year when there is a distinct tendency towards bigger and better plus-fours in brighter patterns, the safety of the "New Tailoring" as a method of buying a sports suit is even more marked than usual.

It is so easy when a suit is chosen in finished form to see just how light-hearted a cloth you can wear. Just as it is a simple matter to make sure that the cut, the fit, and the tailoring are all up to the standard you demand before you even consider the question of purchase.

SPORTS SUITS - 3-piece 5 to 7 gns.
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Where good company demands refreshment of a festive and lively nature, the choice of a non-alcoholic drink is a simple one if you insist upon Schweppes Ginger Ale and no other. Here is a delightful beverage of irreproachable purity, most refreshing, and recognised as the best of its kind.

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Also order—SCHWEPPES SODA WATER, CIDER, TONIC WATER, GINGER BEER, LEMON SQUASH, ETC.

"THE SPHERE" SPECIAL MOTORING SECTION

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!"

As the Sap Stirs in the Trees so the Petrol Surges into the Tank. Spring gives a Clarion Call to the Open Road

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Motoring Correspondent to THE SPHERE)

As each year goes by motorists use their cars in winter-time in ever-increasing numbers. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the modern automobile is one of the most reliable pieces of mechanism that the engineer has ever produced. This degree of freedom from trouble, coupled with the cosiness and comfort of the up-to-date saloon, which is now almost as cheap to buy as an open car, has robbed winter of its terrors so far as the car-owner is concerned.

I am afraid, however, that spring-time will always be the period of greatest activity amongst the car-buying public, and there will always be in addition a large number of people who will refrain from using the roads from November to February.

The first few days of real spring-like weather acts like a tonic which fills the old and new motorist with live enthusiasm for the open road. To enjoy the pleasures that the open road can bestow, the motorist must be mounted on a good car. No matter whether the original car has been used or laid up during the past few months, the sight of all the new models which were seen at Olympia last year begins to make the owners of older cars discontented. A burning desire to possess the very latest is kindled into flame by the first breath of spring. The old motorist decides he must have a new car. The man or woman who has been unfortunate enough not to possess a car finds the temptation, which comes round annually each March, becoming more and more irresistible. This year many of those who found themselves unable to take the plunge in 1929 will find themselves making that vital decision which will bring them into the ranks of motorists. Time is, therefore, opportune for me to give some advice to the new motorist, and perhaps at the same time the less experienced motorist may find that what I am going to say is not altogether too hackneyed to be useless.

Many people who make the plunge for the first time derive little pleasure from their first car because they have not taken the trouble to study the matter intently with the object of making certain that the correct type of car is purchased. Very often they rush into an agent's showroom and buy a car in that same casual manner that I or anyone else would buy a packet of cigarettes. In my opinion the same amount of thought should be expended in buying a car as in purchasing a house. The first thing to be considered is the amount of money that is to be sunk in making the purchase, and in this connection I would point out that first cost should not weigh too heavily with the would-be motorist. After all a car which costs, let me say, £200, and which will only fetch £50 in twelve months, is, in comparison, a poor proposition compared with a car costing £400 that will fetch £250 or more at the end of the same period. It does not require the brains of a mathematician to confirm this purely fictitious example.

The new owner may imagine, and probably quite rightly, that he will experience some difficulty in arriving at the second-hand value of any particular car at the end of a certain period. In this matter, as in many others, he must take the advice of the motor-agent, preferably one of good repute in his own neighbourhood. Again, he may consult the small displayed advertisements usually found in the motoring technical journals. The reputation of a firm regarding the interpretation they place on their usual guarantee is a matter which should not be forgotten, because in my experience some manufacturers, and I might add they are the wisest ones, look after their customers in a generous and ready way, whereas there are others who argue and annoy the owner until in the end he is forced to change his car.

Let me assume that all these points have been cleared up to the satisfaction of the investigator, then the next step is to consult the family, if that is advisable, as to the particular type of vehicle that is required. Trouble will ensue as night follows day if an open car is bought when the ladies were expecting a saloon. On the other hand, there are many people who prefer the fresh air in all weathers, and they would not view the arrival of a saloon in a favourable light. Some people always return home with a headache or a touch of sickness in a closed-in car. Hence my advice regarding an informal committee meeting with the members of the household.

Having bought the car, the new owner must remember that there are certain matters connected with ownership which must then be attended to unless they were thought of before purchase. There is the question of insurance, number-plates, and licences, and of course the question of garaging.

As regards insurance, my experience has proved that a cheap policy is sometimes a dear policy. Insurance is seldom required except in what I might term a time of stress. If an unfortunate accident occurs and the insurance company repudiates the claim or wanders into queer street, the owner of the car is in a sad predicament. The first consideration in taking out any policy is to choose a company of solidity and one which has a reputation for fair and perhaps even generous dealing with its policy-holders. It is often a good plan, too, to bear the first £5 of any claim oneself, as this makes the premium considerably lower, and after all it is only the large sums which cause the most worry.

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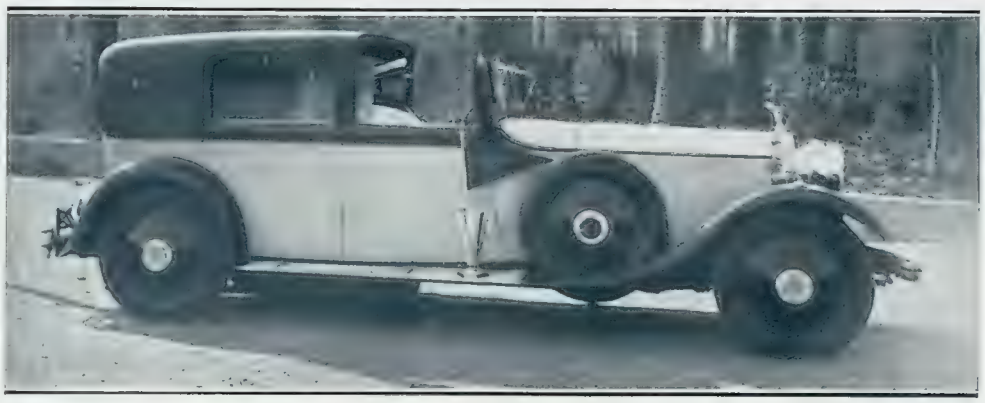
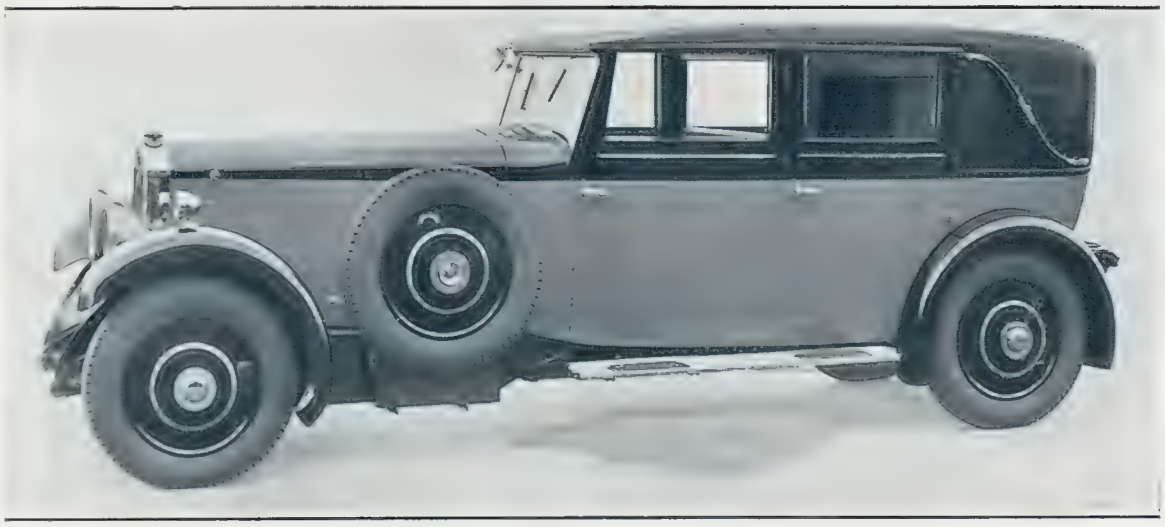


ROLLS-ROYCE

The Prize-Winner: *A Sedanca de Ville by Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd. mounted on a Phantom II Rolls-Royce chassis. This splendid car took the first prize at the Cannes Concours d'Elégance last month*

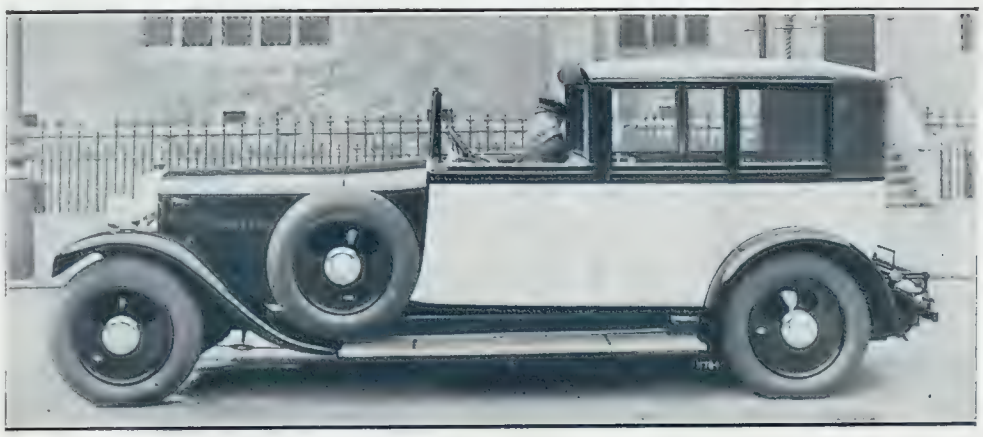
BARKER



LANCHESTER

Luxurious, Handsome, and Speedy: *A 30-h.p. Straight Eight Lanchester fitted with a very attractive Sedanca body in fawn and black by Windovers, Ltd. The short running-boards and cycle-type mudwings greatly enhance the appearance of an already beautiful car*

WINDOVER



DAIMLER

In Ivory and Black: *A limousine de ville body by Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., fitted to a V3-stroke 30-h.p. Double-Six Daimler chassis. The owner of this luxury vehicle is Mr. Stratton of Stratton-Instone, Ltd.*

HOOPER

The Petrol World

"The Sphere's" Special Motoring Section continued from the preceding page

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

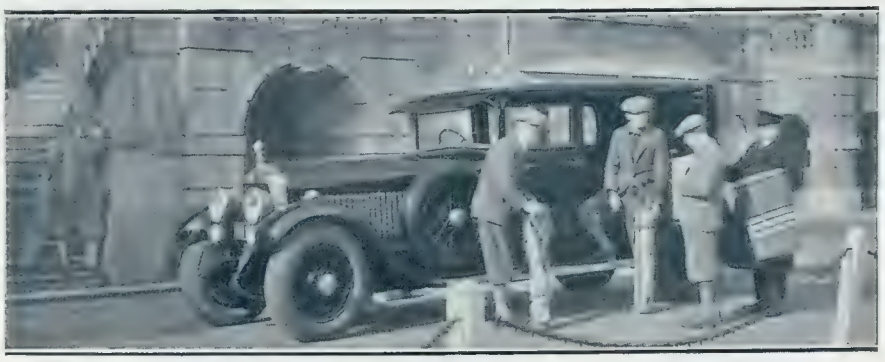
As regards the licence, the majority of agents will carry out all the detail work for the purchaser and they will get the number-plates fixed for a very low figure. Nowadays the motor agent is a very different individual from what he was twenty years ago, in fact the purchaser can look to him as his guide, philosopher, and friend in most motoring matters.

Before taking delivery of the car one of the big motoring organizations should be joined. After all, the servants of these large bodies render valuable assistance to all motorists, and it is only a sporting gesture which every owner should carry out to become a member, but there are of course large important gains to be derived from following such a course.

Having obtained delivery of the car it must be remembered that great care should be taken during its infancy. Many of the more expensive models are properly run in and can be treated with impunity, but it is fairly safe to say that no matter what amount is paid the car will always be more satisfactory throughout its life if during the first 500 miles the speedometer needle is not allowed to run past the 30-m.p.h. mark. Few people realize the damage which is caused through over-stressing a new engine. This damage is not often apparent during the early stages, but has a nasty habit of intruding later on when the ill-treatment which caused it has been practically forgotten.

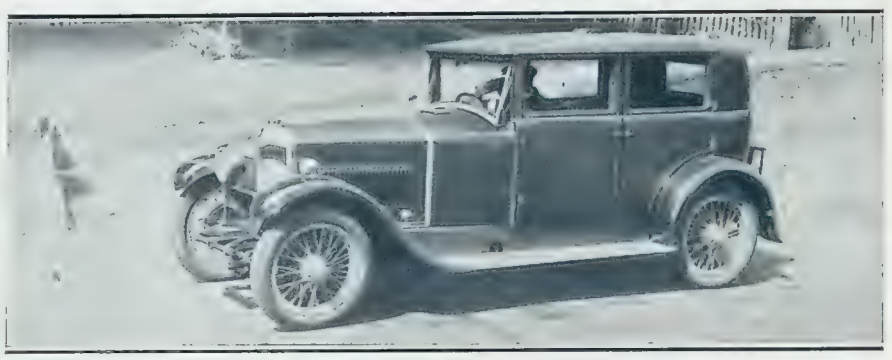
I would like to take this opportunity of laying more than usual emphasis on the importance of driving in a courteous and shall I say gentlemanly manner. It is not everyone that has been blest with a large amount of road sense, but there are a few golden rules which everyone can follow, and thus make all our roads safer. The most important is perhaps to drive always so that no other road-user is in any way inconvenienced. When I say every road-user I also include the occupants of one's own car.

No cyclist, pedestrian, or motorist should be expected to slow down or accelerate whilst on the road because of the actions of any other user. Again, the good driver never allows his passengers to know, except by using their faculty of sight, that they have turned a corner, or that the brakes have been applied.



A Minerva at Your Door: *One of the magnificent 32-h.p. Minerva limousines which can be obtained by telephoning Minerva Hire, Ltd., Minerva House, Chenies St., London. Within three minutes of receiving your message one of these luxury cars is on its way to you*

MINERVA



Touring England with a Crossley: *Owners of the 15·7-h.p. Crossley Six Shelsley fabric saloon are loud in their praises of the car's capability of holding the road at high average speeds, yet the petrol consumption is exceptionally low at 23 m.p.g. Crossley cars enjoy much popularity with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York*

CROSSLEY

New motorists should not only learn how to give the proper road signals, but should carefully remember that the giving of a signal does not absolve the driver from responsibility. If I put my hand out to indicate my desire to turn to the right, I should first of all have discovered whether any traffic is attempting to overtake me or approach. My deviation to the right should not compel the overtaking motorist to slow down, or an approaching one to apply his brakes.

Whilst writing on this subject I should like to point out that the ultra-slow motorist is very often a greater danger than the speed merchant. On a crowded road he holds up a string of traffic behind him, until in desperation someone far back in the queue attempts to pass. The judgment of this driver may be faulty and an accident may then occur. I suggest, therefore, that the new motorist, and in fact a great number of the old motorists, should every now and again look in their mirrors to see if more than one vehicle is sitting on their tail. If that is so it may be safely assumed that the speed of the first car is too slow.

In general, every car driver should school himself not to be selfish; to cultivate an independent spirit so as not to drive in a manner where his own safety is dependent on other road-users giving way to him. Personally I have more consideration for my own neck than to land myself into any position from which I cannot extricate myself unless some other road-user jams on his brakes in a hurry, or is compelled to drive over the pavement to avoid a collision.

It would be impossible for me, even with the space between the covers of THE SPHERE to say something about every car, every agent, and every accessory that might be of interest to the motorist, but in the following notes I have picked out some of those that I consider deserve special mention, but I wish to make it quite clear that any that have not been included are not necessarily left out through lack of merit.

ROLLS-ROYCE.—Obviously the motorist after a new car who has the necessary finance at his command must consider the

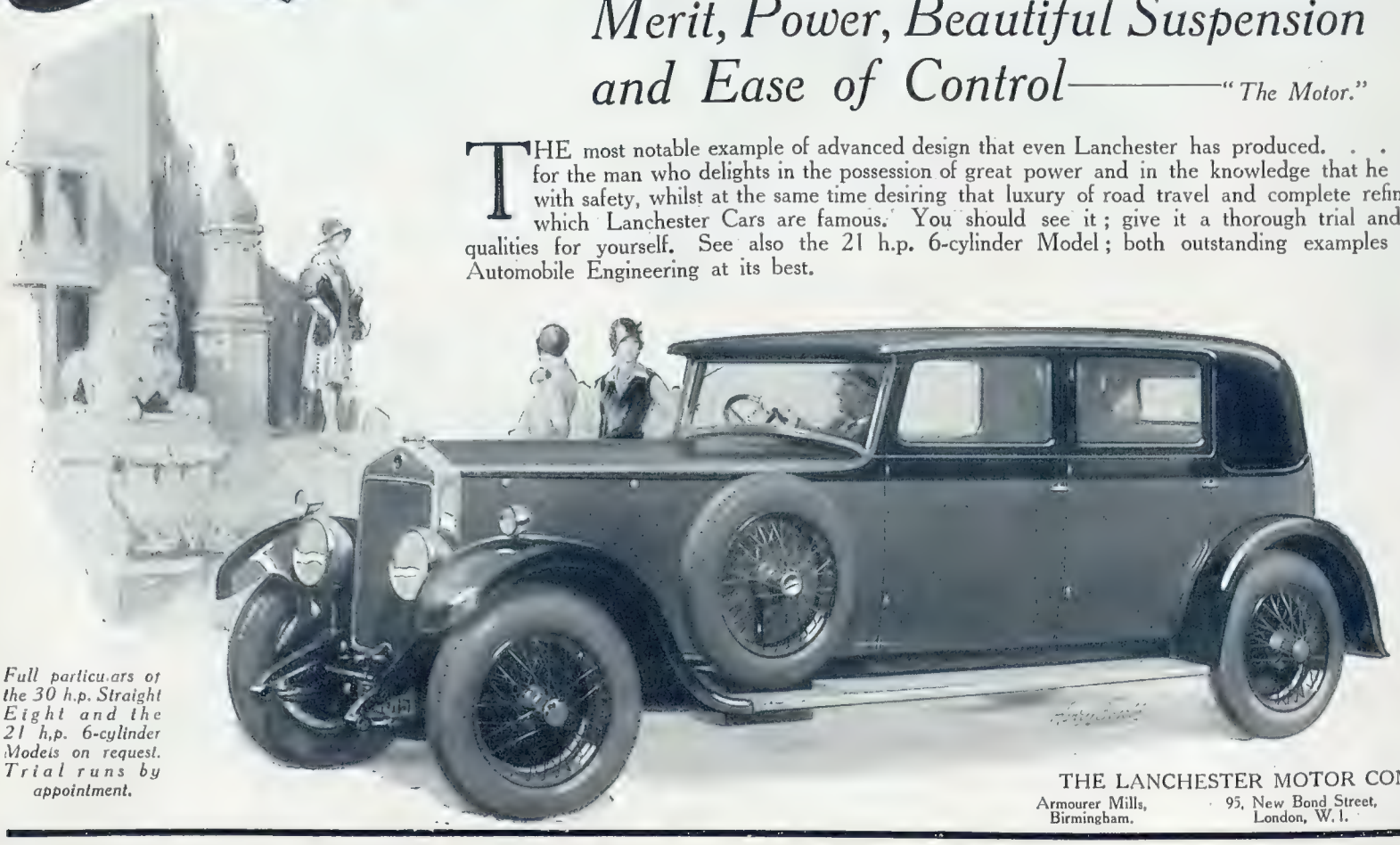
(Continued on following page)

Lanchester

The Best of the Straight Eights

—A fast Car of Exceptional Merit, Power, Beautiful Suspension and Ease of Control—"The Motor."

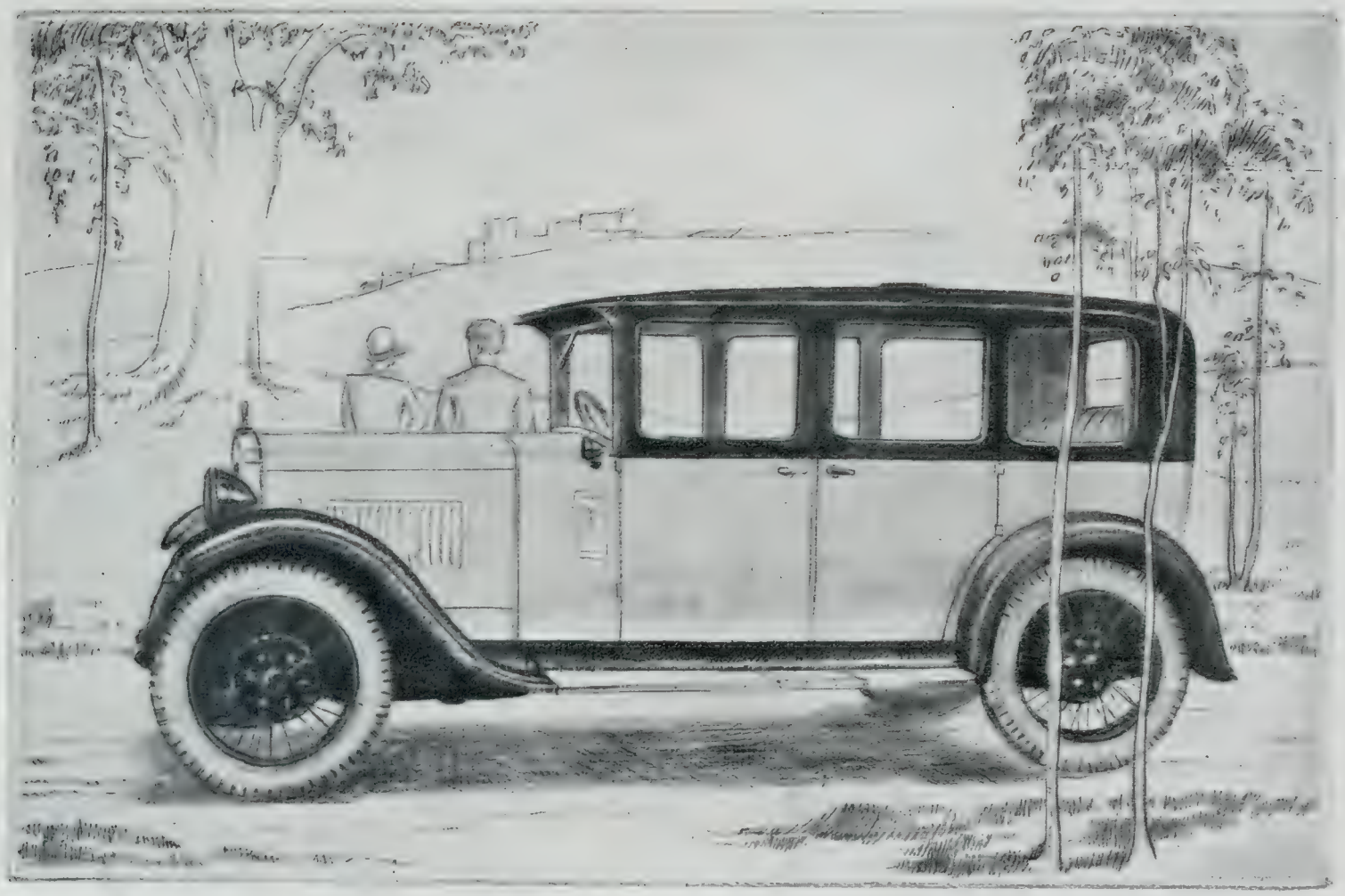
THE most notable example of advanced design that even Lanchester has produced. . . . A car for the man who delights in the possession of great power and in the knowledge that he can use it with safety, whilst at the same time desiring that luxury of road travel and complete refinement for which Lanchester Cars are famous. You should see it; give it a thorough trial and judge its qualities for yourself. See also the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Model; both outstanding examples of British Automobile Engineering at its best.



Full particulars of the 30 h.p. Straight Eight and the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Models on request. Trial runs by appointment.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

Armourer Mills, Birmingham. 95, New Bond Street, London, W. 1. 88, Deansgate Manchester.



From a dry-point by Ian MacKinnon.

ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF SUPER SIX-CYLINDER PERFORMANCE—WITH AUSTIN'S STANDARD OF DEPENDABILITY

In this advanced age of motor engineering, a high measure of efficiency and comfort is expected—even in four-cylinder cars of moderate price.

In six-cylinder cars, a still finer standard of performance is assumed . . . Flexible vibrationless engines, good top-gear work, splendid suspension, comfortable bodies. The Austin "Sixteen" Light Six gives all these qualities of performance and comfort *plus* the Austin standard of dependability.

Here, in the Austin "Sixteen" Burnham Saloon, is a car which, above all, is of supreme appeal to the owner who insists on *trouble-free* motoring—who does not wish to bestow frequent attention on his car.

Dependability of so high an order has never been attained before at so moderate a price. Only sacrifice of quality, thereby detracting from this high standard of dependability, could enable Austin to produce this car at a lesser figure.

Examine this car thoroughly. Note the bright, roomy interior—the depth and comfort of the seating and upholstery. Room here for five really full-sized people. The driver's seat is adjustable. Unrestricted vision all round is provided by the wide window area. Note the completeness and modernity of the equipment. Triplex glass throughout; all external parts chromium plated; silentbloc shackles; Dunlop tyres.

Still better . . . drive the car yourself. See your nearest dealer. He will gladly arrange a trial run without obligation. Catalogue on request.

The "Sixteen" Burnham Saloon (as illustrated)

£375

Clifton 5-Seater - £305
Two-Seater - - £310
Fabric Saloon - - £365
Sportsman's Saloon £375

Sliding Sunshine Roof on closed models, £10 extra.

"As dependable as an Austin."

Austin

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.
Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, W. 1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W. 11.

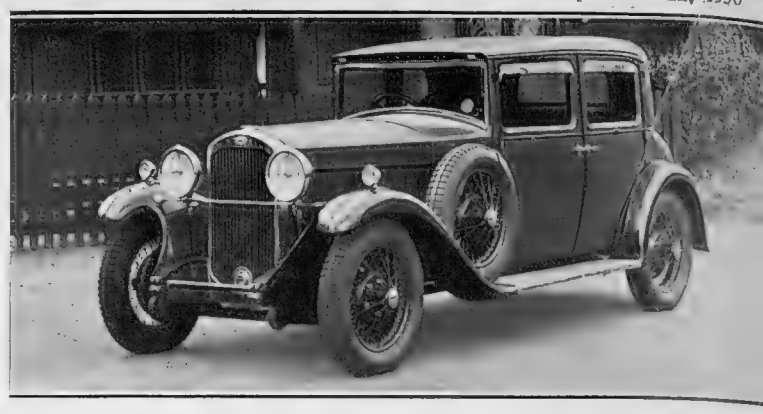
The PETROL World

(cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

The Most Talked-of Car: The Riley 6-cylinder 14-h.p., Stelvio II fabric saloon. Every discriminating motorist can be said to have a word of praise for the Riley models

RILEY



Esteemed by All: One of the new Humber Snipe models, the popularity of which newly-produced model can be judged by the number seen on the road

HUMBER

question of buying a Rolls-Royce. The second-hand value is so high and the up-keep costs are so low that even if it is a strain on one's finances this car should be given serious thought, merely because when the time comes to dispose of it the total cost per mile travelled will be found to be surprisingly low. Needless to say, no owner has a better car than a Rolls-Royce, and the only disadvantage in having one, so far as I can see, is that by its possession the individual has reached the absolute ideal and can scarcely hope ever to go one better.

HILLMAN.—Only a week or so ago I wrote in these notes my experiences with one of the latest models of the Straight-Eight Hillman. I can, therefore, only repeat what I said then, that the new Straight-Eight is one of the most satisfactory motor-cars at present being built in this country. It has an excellent performance; it possesses refinement not often found in cars twice its price, and gains very high marks indeed where appearance is considered. It has been improved almost out of recognition in a very short space of time. A saloon can be obtained for £445 so that lack of money is not likely to be the cause of not giving the car real consideration. The company also makes a 4-cylinder 14-h.p. car—another excellent proposition for those who prefer a cheaper and shall I say a simpler chassis.

HUMBER.—Humber, Ltd., Coventry, have this year completely remodelled all their cars, not only from the appearance point of view, but also as regards mechanical details. I do not suppose there is any name connected with the British motor trade that is more highly respected than the name of Humber. For a good, sound, solid, satisfactory British job no rival can ever beat it. In its latest guise it has now added to itself many other qualities, so that it is even more interesting than before.

Several models are made, starting with a 9–28-h.p. car which has a 4-cylinder engine; the next is a 16–50-h.p. which has a 6-cylinder engine; then there is a Snipe with a larger power unit. This particular model has an outstanding performance which should make it a favourite with those who want to travel faster than is usual with an ordinary touring-car. The list of models also includes a 20–65-h.p. 6-cylinder car. The prices range from £240 to £1,095.

LANCHESTER.—Anyone who has been in touch with motoring from the earliest days will know that the name Lanchester has been in the forefront from the beginning. It is a car which from early times has always suffered from being ill-judged, the reason being that its design was always in advance of the present day. I would almost say that what Lanchester does to-day many other manufacturers will do five years hence. Many of the important improvements which are incorporated universally to-day were also found in Lanchester cars years ago. The public to-day, however, are better educated in these matters, and so they are able to appreciate the advanced design which is incorporated in the modern Lanchester.

Three models are marketed, the first known as the Forty with a 6-cylinder engine, the Straight-Eight with an R.A.C. rating of 30·8-h.p., and a 21-h.p. car having a 6-cylinder engine. It is difficult to imagine any nicer motor-car than the Lanchester, and although the chassis prices range from £1,800 to £1,050, they are not what I would call expensive propositions. Real value fo money is given, and the satisfaction obtained fro running one of these super-cars alone makes th expenditure worth while.

MINERVA.—The Minerva car is made in Belgiu and has been known on the British market for man many years. A very comprehensive range of mode is listed, the prices ranging from an 18-h.p. 6-cylinde saloon at £495 to a 40-h.p. limousine de ville at £2,05 The performance of all the models reaches a very hig standard. The appearance is all that could be desire and no detail, either in the bodywork or in the chassi has been overlooked. A purchaser who requires plent of power and the best brakes imaginable must not ove look the various Minerva models.

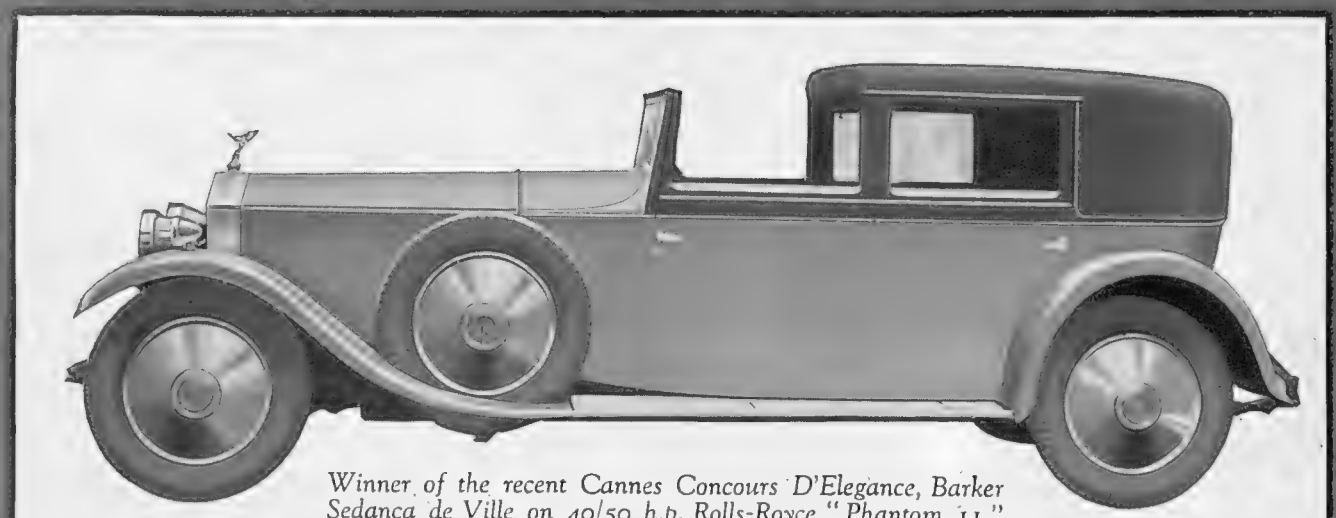
AUSTIN.—The moment one sees or hears the wor Austin, that pocket miracle the Austin Seven immedi ately comes to mind. No car within recent times ha created such a revolution of thought in the motorin world. It completely altered the whole life of th British nation, and is now rapidly making similar trans formations in other countries. I can strongly recom mend the Austin Seven to a purchaser of slender means

There are various other models, including th 6-cylinder 16-h.p. car, which enjoys more than th usual amount of popularity. Like the othe Austi models, it is moderate in price, has an excellent perform ance, looks well, and is in short a thoroughly refine motor-car. The other two Austin models, th 12-h.p 4-cylinder and the 20-h.p., are also propositi ns wel worthy of consideration. It is always a tricky busines

(Continued on following page)

A BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE

Acknowledged the WORLD'S BEST CAR



Winner of the recent Cannes Concours D'Elegance, Barker Sedanca de Ville on 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" Chassis, with extension over driver rolled back.

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The Record surprised them—

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(five driven by private owners —1 from London, 1,124 miles and 5 from John O'Groats, 1,836 miles)

and

ALL SIX FINISHED

with distinction, each securing the much coveted Monte Carlo Plaque.

Readers of this journal will agree that no test could be more severe and that such a result as is above recorded is conclusive evidence of the highest standard of reliability in high speed touring.

Such result — such evidence —such a Car must appeal to *you*—

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Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

So let us arrange a demonstration —— write —

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and ask for Catalogues and "The Riley Record"

London: 42, North Audley Street, W.1.

AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

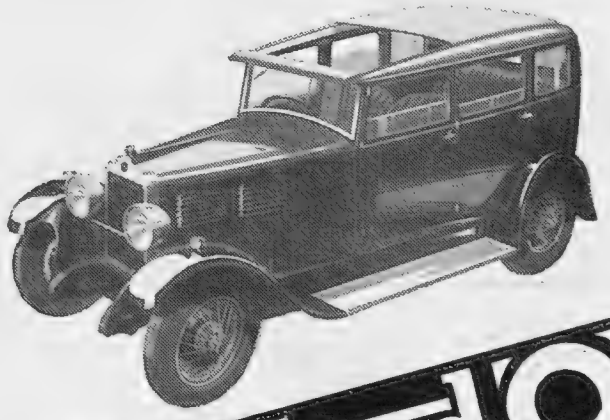
That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car —you'll never make a better friend.

There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year ! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "nine" and the 2-Litre 6 Cylinder — each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!

The Standard "Nine" Saloons from £185.

The Standard 2-Litre 6 Cylinder Saloons from £325.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist.



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Standard 9
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recommending a car to one's friends, but whenever my advice is sought from such quarters and Austin appears to fill the bill, I never have any hesitation in guiding those concerned to the Austin showrooms.

DAIMLER.—There are many attributes of the Daimler car which are difficult to describe but which undoubtedly imbue it with distinction. There are still many people who fondly imagine that the Daimler is a nice quiet town motor-carriage and nothing more. The mere suggestion that it was capable of a mile a minute or speeds in excess of that would cause laughter, but such people are sadly behind the times. There were days when a Daimler was not looked upon, and quite rightly so, as a fast motor-car or one with good acceleration, but for the last few years those responsible for the design have not only made the Daimler a car with a terrific amount of ginger in it, but they have succeeded in binding these lively qualities with the attributes of smoothness, silence, and comfort.

Several models are made, and although the popular opinion is that a Daimler is an expensive motor-car to purchase, the facts prove otherwise. A 20-h.p. 6-cylinder model can be bought for £695, which no one in their senses can say is an exorbitant price for a car with that power and bearing such a name as Daimler. There are numerous other models going up in price well over the £2,000 mark.

FORD.—Some people may perhaps scoff at the Ford car, but if that is dictated by experience it must be experience that is old and musty. The new Ford is not only a reliable, economical motor-car to run, as was the case with the old T models, but it can also boast of good looks and a high degree of comfort. Prices are almost so ridiculously low that it is difficult to see how the cars are made at a profit. For instance there are not many two-seaters that one can buy to-day at £175, yet that is the figure at which that particular model is sold. One great point to remember with the Ford car is the wonderful service that the owner has at his command. No motor manufacturer has been able to surpass this service, and many have failed even to approach its excellence.

SWIFT.—The Swift car has been altered considerably during the past year or two, in fact many people I know do not recognize it when they see it. Swift of Coventry, Limited, the makers, are one of the few firms who have still stuck exclusively to the 4-cylinder engine; needless to say such a policy would never have been adopted had not the design of the engine in their two cars been of the very best. It is difficult to beat a really good 4-cylinder power unit, and therefore it is difficult to beat a Swift engine. Perhaps the more popular of the two Swift cars is the 10-h.p. model, which sells as a touring-car at £235. The company market, in addition to various other types of coachwork, a Sun saloon, whilst their list of models contains an extra fast chassis which as a saloon costs £295.

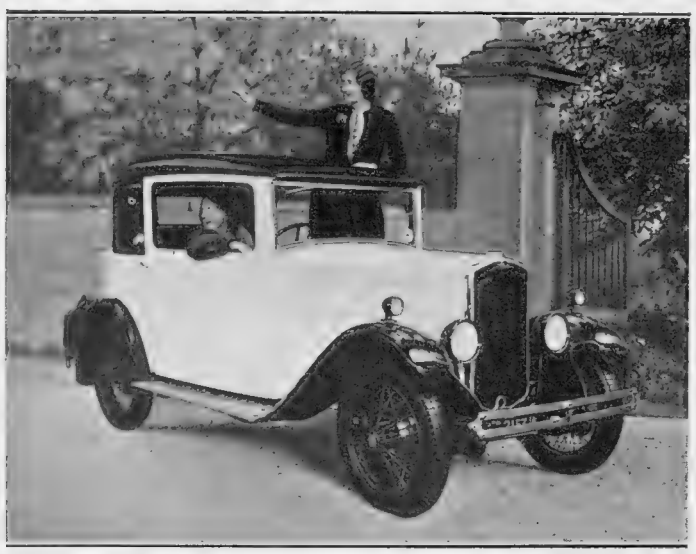
RILEY.—The 9-h.p. Riley car is another automobile which has set a fashion. When it was first introduced, not many years ago, it made its appearance with a saloon body which completely captured the imagination of the public. Thousands of the new cars were bought merely because they looked really nice. It might have happened that the chassis, being of an entirely new design, would have caused disappointment by giving trouble, but the Riley Company were wise enough not to put a really fascinating body on a poor chassis. The latter is just as good as the body indicated, and so the early purchasers of the 9-h.p. Riley were in a very short space of time satisfied customers, with the result that the popularity of the car grew so rapidly that the works were practically snowed under with orders. Seldom has any car made good in such a short space of time.

Improvements have been made year by year, until to-day the car is well-nigh perfect; a larger model has been added, and although this is a comparatively newcomer it is rapidly following in the footsteps of its smaller stable companion.

The PETROL World

(cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



SWIFT

Swift by Name and Nature: *A 10-h.p. Foursome coupé fitted with a sliding roof which, while being absolutely weathertight, can easily be slid back when occasion arises*

HILLMAN

A Popular Straight-Eight: *Out of the many Hillman models, the Straight-Eight stands out as pre-eminent. The acceleration, speed, and easy gear-changes are well-known features of this car*

Motoring in Excelsis!

32/34 H.P. 6-CYL. MINERVA LIMOUSINE DE VILLE ... £1625.

40 h.p. 8-Cyl. Limousine or Landaulette, £1875
20 24 h.p. „ „ £1150
6-Litre Speed "Six" Chassis £1100

"The most comfortable and all-round excellent car I know," is the tribute paid by a prominent society lady owner of the MINERVA "32."

In this magnificent model fine engineering, artistic coachwork and stylish interior appointments are perfectly united. Minerva travel leaves nothing to be desired. Trial runs by appointment, with pleasure.

MINERVA

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THE LUCAS TYPE P100DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTOR has been designed specifically for the world's leading cars. It is built to give the finest possible driving light, while the appearance is particularly handsome and imposing. Nothing has been spared to make this the world's finest car lamp.

The reflecting system is designed to give a magnificent high-power light which carries a tremendous distance ahead, while flooding the width of the road near the car with a more diffused light.

A very useful dipping beam device is incorporated in this lamp. A secondary bulb is fitted behind a special lens in the top half of the reflector and, when the high-power light is switched off, this reduced light (thrown downwards) comes into operation, giving the same effect as dipping headlights. The angle of dip can be altered by adjustment of bulb. Control is by a neat change-over switch mounted on steering-column or dash.

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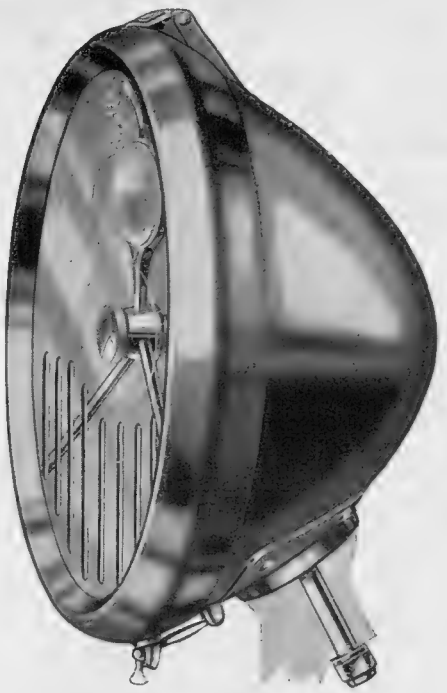
Ask to see the Lucas P100DB at one of the leading Coachbuilders or Motor Showrooms, and specify a pair on your new car. Your Coachbuilders will also arrange for the fitting of Lucas P100DB Headlamps to your present car.



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Finish : Ebony Black (Plated Parts)

Nickel-Plated, £22. Chromium-Plated, £23.10.0. Silver-Plated, £27.10.0

TYPE P80DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTOR, new model, similar but smaller. Prices per pair—Ebony Black (Plated Parts), £15.15.0; Nickel-Plated, £16.10.0; Chromium-Plated, £18; Silver-Plated, £22

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Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin.

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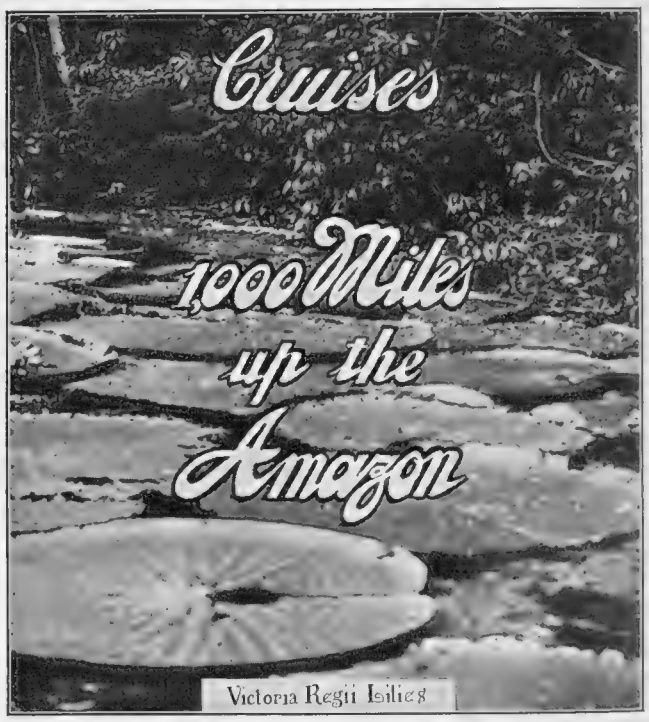

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SEA VOYAGES in Ocean Palaces.

The Delights of an Easter Holiday at Sea in a First-class Floating Hotel

To no island folk does the sea call with such irresistible appeal as to us who live in the British Isles. That is why, with the coming of every holiday, our thoughts impel us not merely to take passage to the pleasant towns which gem our coasts but also to go voyaging over the ocean in search of new feasts for the eye, new experiences for the brain, new emotions for the soul.

With the approach of Easter, the steamship companies spread an alluring programme to delight the myriads who have four days of holiday before them, and those luckier but fewer who can prolong their sojourn abroad to as many weeks, or even longer.

THE GLORY THAT IS GREECE: Athens, visited by the R.M.S.P. on its cruises

As the pioneers of the cruising holiday, **the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company**, ever on the alert to keep pace with modern progress, started their new ship, the *Atlantis*, on her first cruise to the Mediterranean at the end of last week. This steamer claims the distinction of being the largest vessel in the world devoted solely to pleasure cruising.

Among her attractive features are a permanent open-air swimming bath on the main deck, the largest gymnasium afloat, three deck tennis courts, a boxing ring, a large ballroom, a cinema, and a photographic dark-room, where the amateur can have the assistance of an experienced photographer. For those who prefer quiet, certain parts of the ship are set aside where they may enjoy their ease with dignity and the health-giving sunshine and fresh air of the ocean.

The Mediterranean practically offers a panorama of the world's ancient history, from the time when Athens was queen of the world and Rome followed in her footsteps, but at Port Said the traveller may be said to be at the gate of Egypt, as at Haifa he opens the door to Palestine's unique interest.

It should always be remembered that the R.M.S.P. does not limit its cruising activities to the Mediterranean, for it goes northward to the Land of the Midnight Sun, and for those whose desires stretch farther forth it offers opportunities of visiting many distant countries.

After over forty years' experience of pleasure cruises by the ocean-going mail and passenger type of steamer, the **Orient Line** is well able to anticipate the requirements of the public seeking that form of holiday and to provide for them. Not only does the accommodation offered ensure the maximum comfort but the catering is of that high standard which the epicureanism of the holiday-maker demands to satisfy the healthy appetite the sea air produces. To those who have been denied "the gift of tongues," the Orient Line offers as an inducement the fact that no knowledge of foreign languages is needed. Moreover, the ships being "home" for the time being, there is no packing and unpacking, there are no Custom houses with their irritating disarrangement of one's belongings to be gone through, while the itinerary constantly includes places otherwise inaccessible, and thus still enjoying all the charm that was theirs in the days that were earlier. Although the name of the Line suggests travel to the East, its activities contradict Kipling's famous line that always "East is East," for its cruises extend north, to Norway and Sweden, where the Midnight Sun shines in summer time, and south to the Mediterranean with its wealth of varied history and beauty, as well as to Australia, in whose brilliant sky hangs the Southern Cross.

With the sun rising ever higher in the sky as March reaches out to April, there are few Englishmen in whom what the German calls the *wanderlust* does not stir, especially when it can be coupled with that *dolce far niente* ease which is nowhere to be obtained in such perfection as in a finely-appointed steamer taking her way through a smooth, cerulean, sun-smitten sea, the warm atmosphere genially tempered by the breeze stirred by the ship's movement. Translating generalities into actualities, make the sea the Mediterranean and the steam the Blue Star Line's latest addition to its fleet, the *Arandora Star*, and the happy holiday-maker may easily enjoy that desirable state pictured by the poet in the words, "The world forgetting," even if he is not by the world forgot. While the *Arandora Star* is merely typical of that completeness of arrangement which distinguishes the other vessels of the **Blue Star Line**, its directors are concentrating attention on her movements because she is the latest word in that race for luxury which has become a necessity of modern life. Between now and the end of June she will have undertaken five cruises of various lengths to the Mediterranean, which offers such manifold advantages to the health-seeker and such abundant beauty to the pleasure-seeker. With July she will begin another five cruises to Norway, whose welcoming fjords yield marvellous views of majestic mountains mingled with glistening glaciers and fairy waterfalls.

VENICE OF THE NORTH: Stockholm, one of the loveliest cities in Europe, visited by the Orient Line

ON THE RIVER OF MYSTERY: Booth liner passengers in small boat on the Amazon

Just as certain rare individuals have by their popularity had their name shortened by general acclaim, so **P. and O.** has by common consent taken the place of the formal designation "The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company," which has organized an attractive series of ten pleasure cruises for the ensuing season. These include six by the well-known steamer *The Viceroy of India*, three by the *Rawalpindi*, and one by the *Ranchi*, so that the comfort of all the lucky passengers is assured in advance.

One of the most attractive of these tours is undoubtedly the thirteen-day cruise around Great Britain, visiting some of the most delightful ports and places at a cost of under 2 guineas a day. Other cruises include visits to the countries bordering the Mediterranean visited within four weeks at a cost which does not exceed what one would pay for a room in a first-class hotel. That, indeed, is what the P. and O. steamer really is in its appointments and the comfort it offers its passengers.

Beside the Mediterranean mention must be made of the cruise to the Scandinavian countries, thus enabling the traveller to see their famous capitals, among which Copenhagen must always stand out by its association with the early life of Alexandra the Beloved, who, coming as "the sea king's daughter from over the sea," lived to queen it over the hearts of the British people as her daughter. Queen Maud, is enshrined in the hearts of the people of Norway.

If on a map of the North Atlantic Ocean one draws a line slightly sloping to the west from the coast of Wales southward to Oporto, one reaches the first stopping place from Liverpool of the famous **Booth Line's steamers** outward-bound for the Southern Seas; and it is considerably less than two days' steaming after leaving Land's End.

Another short steam takes the visitor to Lisbon, whose white walls and red roofs cover seven green hills which rise above the Tagus.

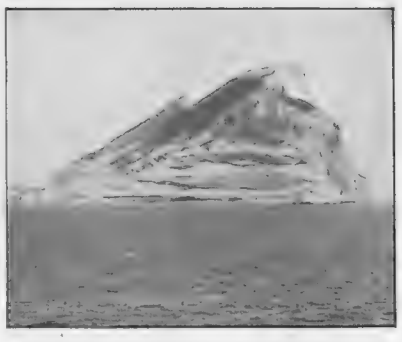
THE CAPITAL OF DENMARK: "Rotten Row of Copenhagen" visited by the P. & O. Liners

From Lisbon motor-cars wait to whirl the sightseer away to Cintra, admittedly one of the beauty spots of the world, whence the golden beaches of the Estorils, set among orange, eucalyptus, and pepper trees, are reached.

Pursuing the same plan but with a much greater slant to the south and west, the line passes the garden island of Madeira which lifts to eternal summer its yellow-walled houses with green balconies overhung with red-tiled roofs, and offers unending pictures to delight the eye at every turn. From Madeira the company take those who have the leisure and the delight for new experiences up the Amazon to Manaos which, although built practically in the midst of unexplored forest, nevertheless is provided with electric light, tramways, and a fine opera house, as well as an English club, whose members hold out the glad hand to their brethren from over the sea.

To go direct to the boat-side at Tilbury from the Midlands and the North of England as well as from the more distant cities like Edinburgh and Glasgow, thus opening the gate at Dunkerque to the Continent with its illimitable allure, is one of the facilities afforded by the **London, Midland, and Scottish Railway Company**. Particularly attractive is the night crossing which which gives an unbroken night's rest of reasonable duration, thus minimising the grave discomfort and suffering incidental to sea sickness, if the traveller can sleep soundly during the crossing. This desideratum is aided by the "open sea" passage being short, for most is in the sheltered water of the Thames and its estuary, as well as the Dunkerque "roads." To-day, when economy must be considered even in holiday making, the third-class passenger can obtain a berth for half-a-crown, while those desiring extra comfort can secure it by travelling first-class on the boat for 12s. extra, plus the cost of the berth they wish to engage. The London, Midland, and Scottish route thus provides a convenient means of visiting the battlefields and War cemeteries of Northern France and Flanders, the connecting trains from Dunkerque passing along and through the actual battle fronts.

One of the largest privately owned fleets in the world is **the Blue Funnel Line,** belonging to **Messrs Alfred Holt and Co.** They have recently started catering for tourists desiring to visit the South of France and Egypt with Marseilles as the port of call. As the Line maintains a four-weekly passenger service to the Straits and China its patrons can enjoy the voyage to Marseilles with a fortnight's stay in the famous health resorts of the Riviera, and join the homeward bound vessel of the same company, thus completing a holiday of twenty-five-days, practically half of which is spent on the azure bosom of the sea.



THE ROCK: Gibraltar, to which one goes by the Blue Star Line

THE LENGUEMAËRT: Old Dunkerque visited by the L.M.S. Line

The return fare to Marseilles and back in a very comfortable steamer is £22, for which sum the tourist, should he desire it, may travel over land one way by train.

During the coming summer, also, the directors of the Line have arranged a twenty-five days' trip from Liverpool to Egypt, allowing between three and four days at Port Said, thus enabling the tourist to visit Cairo and even to travel to Jerusalem, on which the eyes of the world have been fixed so concentratedly during the last few months. For those

(Continued on following page)

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,

Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

The Sphere of Travel

SEA VOYAGES in Ocean Palaces.

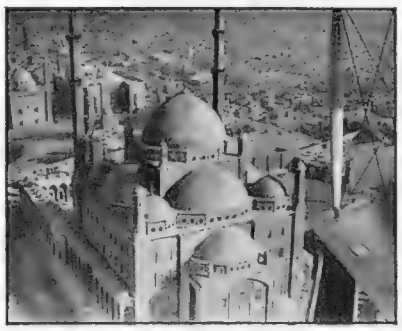
(Continued from the preceding page)

who have less time the holiday can be compressed into little more than a fortnight by travelling over land to and from Marseilles.

The allure which Belgium and Holland hold out to the holiday-maker whose time and means are alike restricted at Easter is intensified by the **London and North-Eastern Railway's** excursions, for it offers week-end tickets from Thursday, April 17, to Tuesday, April 22, from Liverpool Street to Flushing or Antwerp for 30s.; to Rotterdam for 44s. 2d.; The Hague, 46s. 6d.; and Amsterdam, 51s. 11d. (second class in Holland); while to Cologne the return fare from Liverpool Street is 62s. 6d.

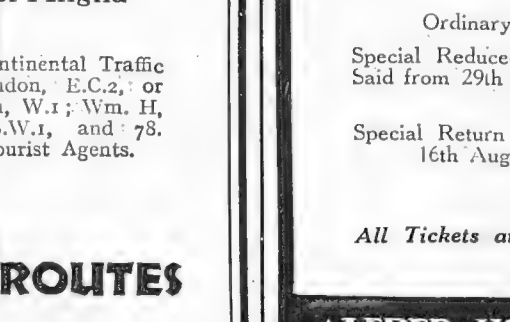
While Harwich was a seaport of considerable significance 600 years ago, with frequent sailings to Holland, it is less than seventy years since the first railway steamship left the town, and in July, 1882, the daily service was inaugurated. Now the Harwich fleet consists of twelve vessels and another is to be added shortly.

The two latest, *The Vienna* and her sister ship, *The Prague*, are the largest and most luxurious steamers plying on cross-Channel service from any port in the British Isles. Indeed, they approximate to the standard of luxury and comfort of the great ocean liners, have sleeping accommodation for more than 500 passengers, the cabins being fitted with electric light, electric reading-lamps, and hot and cold water, besides offering all the amenities in the way of comfort to those who are its patrons.



THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS: An aerial view of Cairo, to which the Blue Funnel Line runs cruises

Although the great steamships are to all intents and purposes magnificent floating hotels, it nevertheless seems strange than one of the chief liner companies should be hotel-keepers on a wholesale scale. This is the **Compagnie Générale Transatlantique**, commonly known throughout Europe and North America as "The French Line," and in Northern Africa as "The Transat." It is in that latter country where picturesqueness runs riot that these hotels, numbering forty-four, are situated. They owe their origin to the fact that when the company decided to start its North African motor-tours in connection with its cross-Mediterranean mail steamship services it found that there were no hotels fit for its patrons. With far-seeing acumen it built its own hotels, some of which, like the one at Fez, are ancient castles modernised internally while preserving externally the original architecture.



IN THE HEART OF THE FRENCH SAHARA: The Hôtel Transatlantique at El Goléa

This fact which is so characteristic of the artistic feeling of the architects employed by the "Transat" is exemplified at Ghardaia, illustrated on page 481 of the present issue, where the admirably equipped hotel, designed in sympathetic architectural style, sits in harmonious sympathy with the neighbouring buildings in the Wady M'zab—to use the native name for the country of the Mozabites. This hotel, and the rest of the company's similar establishments, are linked into what is known as the Boucle d'Erg, and enables the traveller to go from one charming oasis to another with the certainty of finding ease, comfort, and all the amenities of the life to which he is accustomed. In short, the "Transat" covers all the ground gone over in Lady Drummond-Hay's characteristic article printed on pages 482 and 483.

SOLID COMFORT: The L.N.E.R. ship "Vienna," which runs to the Low Countries

While traditionally the camel is "the Ship of the Desert," and many people still make use of the animal as a means of transit, the "Transat," realizing that to-day the traveller demands both speed and comfort as he journeys on in search of new experience, has provided a great fleet of splendid motor-cars, specially designed for their particular desert work. From the time that the steamer arrives at Algiers, which "dim-descried" from the sea had looked like what has been described as "a huge heap of cube sugar," and really is the maze of white houses of the native city, the holiday-maker has every care removed from his mind, for an official of the company is at hand to conduct him through the Customs and thence to the car which is awaiting him at the ship's side. In addition to the excellence of their cuisine and comfort they have one feature in common with the ships, for they fly the same house-flag as flutters from the hundred and more vessels of the fleet. As the company derives its more than famous name through helping to unite the Old World with the New, it must not be forgotten that its ships which cross the Atlantic offer an excellent method of making a holiday trip to New York and back in three weeks with that comfort which is so characteristic of the best French hotels.

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in

HOLLAND BELGIUM

or

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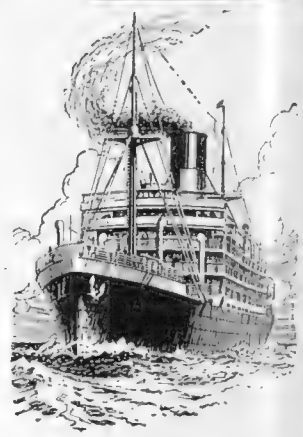

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE EGYPT AND PALESTINE

A REGULAR SERVICE IS MAINTAINED FROM LIVERPOOL TO MARSEILLES, PORT SAID, THE STRAITS AND CHINA.

London passengers travel to Liverpool by special train on sailing day at the company's expense.

Ordinary Single Fare to Marseilles, £15. Special Return Fare £22, by sea both ways, or by sea one way and train the other.

Ordinary Single Fare to Port Said, £32. Return, £64.

Special Reduced Single Tickets are available from the U.K. to Port Said from 29th March to 16th August, and from Port Said to U.K. from 9th June to 1st December, £22.

Special Return Tickets from U.K. to Port Said from 24th May to 16th August and returning from Port Said not later than 1st December, £35.

All Tickets are interchangeable with the Bibby, P. & O., and Orient Lines.

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	Arrive
DUNKERQUE	6-0 a.m.
PARIS (Nord)	10-0 a.m.
BRUSSELS	11-0 a.m.
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BALE	4-52 p.m.
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EXCELSIOR, NAPLES

ROYAL MAIL

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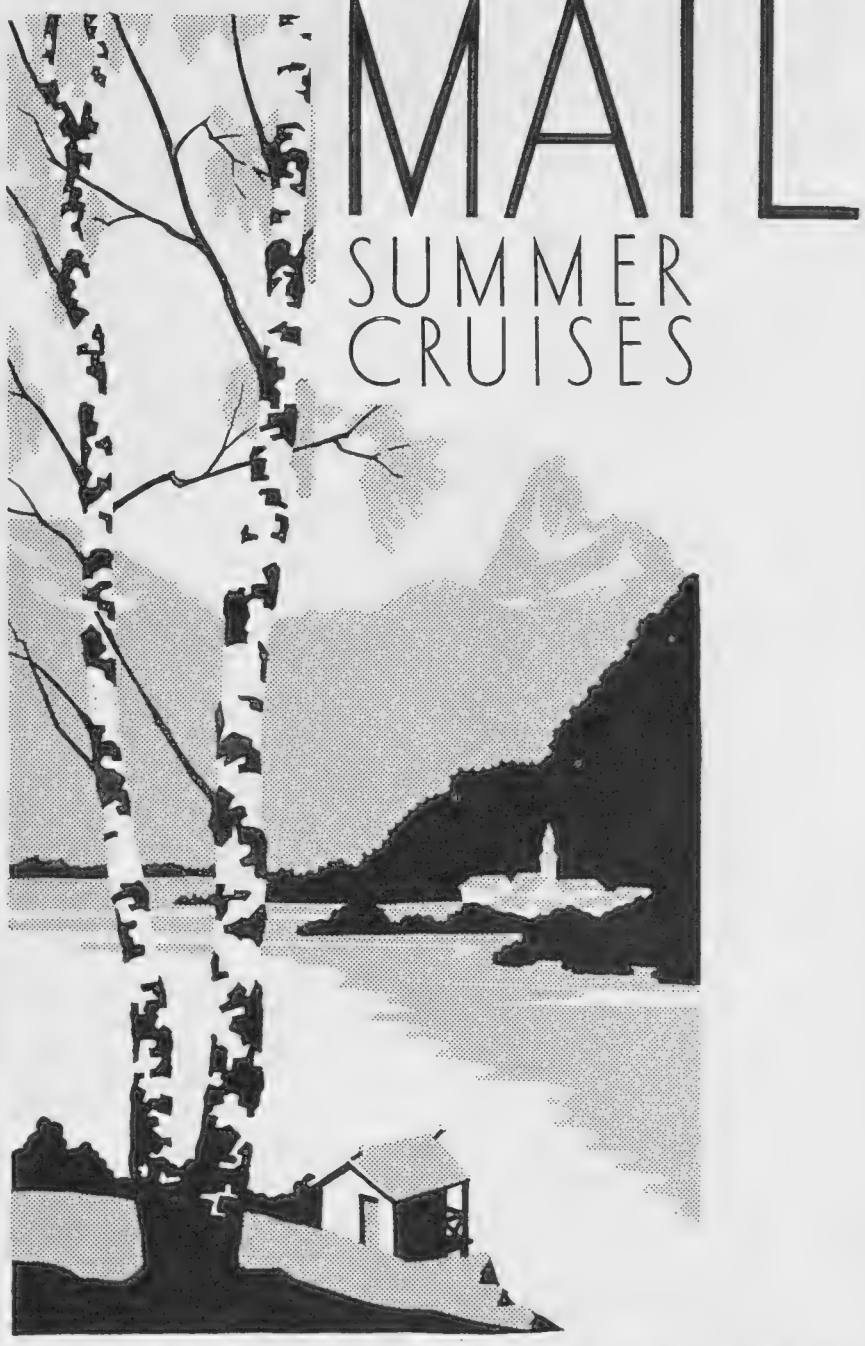

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THE SPACIOUSNESS OF GEORGIAN DAYS: The Royal Crescent, Bath, built by John Wood the younger in 1767. Bath has many attractions to offer the visitor, from fascinating antiquities to modern amenities

JEWELS of th

Some Spas

Bath, wonderfully situated amid some of the prettiest scenery in the West of England, in which hills and valleys alternate to add beauty to the countryside, is no upstart holiday resort, but a place of note for centuries, and possesses a history that goes back to Roman times. It was famous in two of the most intriguing periods of English history, the Roman and the Georgian. Beneath modern Bath lies the ancient city that the Romans knew and made beautiful with exquisite villas and luxurious baths, which latter doubtless gave the town its name.

In Georgian times Bath was the most fashionable, frequented, and even brilliant resort in England. To it came not only invalids in search of "cures" for which its waters had become famed, but also wits, gallants and beautiful women, and literary folk whose names are written on the scroll of English literature. What a picture of those days has been left in many writings in which Bath figured. Then in Georgian times Bath was practically rebuilt, and somewhat strangely, upon a neo-classic model. And to Ralph Allen and those associated with him Bath owes the beautiful houses of the Georgian period which took the place of the old city, and sprang up in terraces, crescents, and squares, with tree-shaded streets, some of them very gracious in outline and in their beauty.

THE CENTRE OF BATH: The entrance to the Pump Room

To-day Bath is a unique city because it has undergone during the last century comparatively speaking so little change, and has needed so little improvement. Perhaps it is for this reason that famous people in all walks of life come to it, and in winter the hunting folk, who find Bath so excellent a centre. And Bath Society has still clinging to it something of that aristocratic charm which distinguished it in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Needless to say, however, that all modern attractions and amusements, including a theatre, concerts, cinemas, and dancing are to be enjoyed.

Bath has preserved much of its ancient charm, and has in the beautiful Abbey, which is almost a cathedral and stands on the site of a college founded by Offa, King of Mercia, in 775, a church of which any city might be proud. The present building dates from the last year of the fifteenth century, some of the chief features of which are its enormous areas of window space; the wide front, flanked by two turrets, on which are sculptured figures representing the dream of the founder, in which he saw angels ascending and descending a ladder, and with medieval literalness some are shown upside down as the best means of intimating their descent! The choir is of exquisite loveliness, and in this beautiful old building many people of distinction lie buried, among them the famous Beau Nash, who in the eighteenth century ranked as "King of Bath," and did much to advance the city to a position of fashion and fame.

No city in England can show such wonderful Roman survivals as does Bath, and the exquisite Roman baths, w their hot springs, are so beautiful, t people come from far merely to see th Here are to be found the most up-to-d and admirably equipped bathing establi ments in the British Isles, and treatme of all kinds. There are baths of rad active water, and both the Aix and Vi treatments are employed; while m packs, which have proved so successful the Continent, have also been adopted

And for those who do not need a c there are fine swimming baths. No less interesting feature of this side of life of Bath is the mineral-water drink in the historic Pump Room of long ag

To-day it is a pleasure to wande the wide streets of this delightful to amid the beautiful architecture of a p age and in an atmosphere which is distinct from the bustle of the present a and preserves much of the amenity of past.

But Bath as a centre for excursi must claim distinction, for from are easily visited delightful Wells, w its atmosphere of peace and detachm from ultra-modern things and ways, a

IN THE TOWN OF THE WONDE FUL CLOCK: The Bishop's Pal Moat and the cathedral tower, W

An Aeration bath

BATH

The Health Centre, for treatment by scientific spa methods. Radio-active waters, rising at a natural temperature of 120 degs., a Bathing Establishment unsurpassed in the completeness of its equipment and the skill and experience of its staff and the advice of eminent medical specialists. The modern—and most effective—way of relieving and curing, of maintaining health and fitness, and preventing disease.

BATH, The Arts Centre

From March 20th to April 5th, Bath is holding a Festival of Contemporary Arts in which the leaders in contemporary British Music, Painting, Literature, the Dance, Drama, Architecture, and the Applied Arts are actively participating.

The Programme of the Festival of Contemporary Arts, Book of Bath, Hotel List, etc., from John Hatton, Hon. Secretary, The Pump Room, Bath.

Non-stop Expresses leave Paddington Station (G.W.R.) at 11.15 a.m., 1.15 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. Week-days.

Many other Expresses, Week-days and Sundays from London and principal Provincial centres.

Enquiries at Railway Stations or Offices for train service, fares, etc.

The Bath Foam therapy

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South aspect, and sheltered from North and East winds.

Luxuriously and elegantly appointed. Excellent Cuisine.

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P. & W. JACKMAN, *Directors.*

WEST COUNTRY

Resorts of Somerset and Gloucester

CLIVE HOLLAND

its wonderful cathedral and Bishop's Palace, the latter still surrounded by its moat, in which swans float and quaintly intimate their hunger at feeding time by ringing a bell!

Few cathedrals are more interesting than Wells, and in a sense the town is the cathedral and the cathedral is the town. Its magnificent west front, flanked by two fine towers, is one of the most interesting of any English cathedral. On it, in the niches, are over six hundred statues, nearly a third of which are life-size of kings, queens, nobles, and ecclesiastics, with smaller figures of scriptural subjects. Marvellous indeed must have been this façade in medieval times, for then the figures were coloured, and it must have looked like a huge picture gallery in high relief. The interior is most beautiful, with the unique feature, for which it is almost world-famous, of inverted arches in the nave. The beautiful stained glass is also worth attention, and the Lady Chapel is one of the most lovely of any English cathedral, while the choir stalls, with their carved misericords, never fail to interest.

Scattered throughout the town are ancient buildings of interest, and survivals which its placid life during the centuries has been the means of preserving in unusual numbers.

REDOLENT OF ARTHUR: The ruined Abbey at Glastonbury—a town fragrant of the "Land of Legends"

Glastonbury is not far off, and around its ancient and ruined abbey and its miraculous thorn hangs the glamour of both legend and romance. The original church of Glastonbury, which so mystified St. Augustine when he landed in England, was supposed to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea. The famous Glastonbury Thorn is supposed to have sprung originally from his staff which, when he struck it in the ground, took root and flourished.

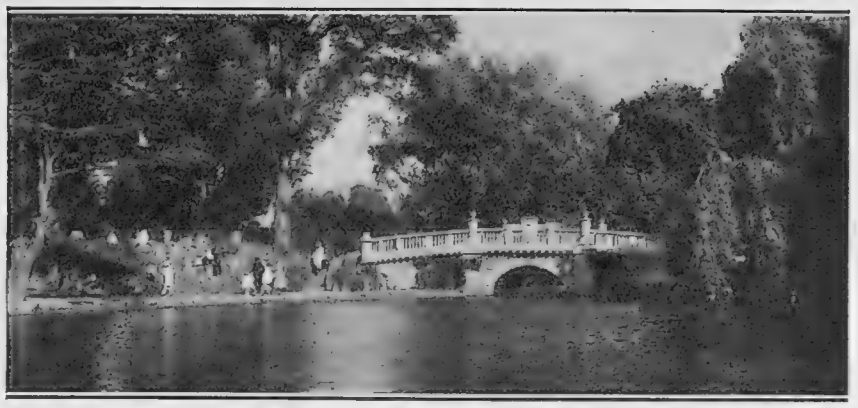
Glastonbury has an interest by reason of its connection with King Arthur and his knights, who from this spot, once the Isle of Avalon, set forth upon their search for the Holy Grail, and beneath the High Altar of the Abbey were buried Arthur and Guinivere. The charm of Glastonbury is the fact that although a ruin it is so wonderfully preserved.

The town is quaint and pretty and of great antiquity, with a museum containing many Roman remains, for which this part of the country is of course famous. The Pilgrims' Hostel, dating from the twelfth century, is a beautiful building, rich in carving, and although to-day an hotel, preserves many of its medieval features unaltered.

What a change of scene and interest from such places as Bath, Wells, and Glastonbury, is provided by the little village of Cheddar, set amid a countryside of exquisite beauty and famed for its wonderful gorge, and caverns known as far back as the middle of the twelfth century and rediscovered in the middle part of the nineteenth century. The magnificent rugged grey cliffs, rising on either side of the winding roadway through which one passes, are broken by weather and decay into fantastic shapes, and reach a height of nearly 500 ft. in places. The caverns run for a third of a mile under the range of the Mendips, and are full of an amazing variety of stalactites and stalagmites.

The ancient Cross which one finds in the Market Place of the little town is one of the best-preserved in Somerset.

It should not be forgotten that Cheddar is an excellent centre for the whole of the Mendip district, and for the many lovely villages which nestle in their verdant valleys.



A PLACE OF HEALTH AND GRACIOUS FORMALITY: An aspect of Cheltenham showing Eastbridge and Pittville Gardens. Cheltenham is always attractive both architecturally and socially

Cheltenham is another spa in what may be called the middle West Country, to which yearly more and more holiday-makers go. The discovery of its medicinal springs was made in the middle half of the eighteenth century, and gradually it gained fame for its cures, and rose to the Cheltenham of to-day with its pleasant tree-lined promenades and streets and beautiful parks. Most of its public buildings date from the late Georgian period, and to that belongs the Pitville Pump Room, which is on the lines of a Greek temple, the Montpellier Rotunda, and the Winter Gardens.

A GLORY OE SOMERSET: The Cheddar Gorge, which shows Nature at her most majestic

Cheltenham can claim to be not only a health-giving and restorative spa, but also a fine educational centre, with splendid opportunities for all sports and pastimes which are so popular at holiday resorts of to-day. It is a good hunting centre, and has the distinction of a polo ground, which is not found at many resorts. And there are two 18-hole golf courses.

Only its parish church, of Norman foundation, but chiefly of the fourteenth century, remains a relic of Cheltenham village of a past age.

The Quantocks, too, should not be forgotten as the district constitutes some of the loveliest of hill scenery.

THE
SPA HOTEL
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THIS magnificent Hotel, with spacious and tastefully appointed Public Rooms, well-kept grounds of nine acres, Tennis, Croquet, Putting, Clock Golf, etc., Golf Club at rear of Hotel, Own Service Garage, Private Lock-ups, Hotel Laundry. Hotel Motor meets all trains and gives frequent service to the Pump Room (4 Minutes). Lift. Orchestra.

The Hotel is renowned for its self-contained Suites, is the only Hotel in Bath with running Hot and Cold Softened Water and Radiators in all Rooms, and has a speciality of Bedrooms, Bath and Toilet en Suite.

With the addition of the new floor, which is to be ready by Easter, 1930, of 22 Bedrooms and Bathrooms, it will be one of the best equipped Hotels outside of London.

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England's Riviera

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Cornish Riviera Express leaving Paddington 10.30 a.m. each week-day. St. Ives arr. 5.10 p.m. Tariff from Hotel Manager. Tregenna Castle Hotel, St. Ives (Cornwall).

DEVON Beauty and

Fashionable and Informal Re

By CLIV

The West Country has always been a favourite ground for holiday-makers. To its great charms of inland scenery may be added wonderful beaches, delightful coves, and tiny harbours, and a coast-line in Cornwall of grandeur and scenic beauty. What wonder then that to Devon and Cornwall so many holiday-makers go from all parts of England.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S RIVIERA: Torquay, whose climate challenges that of resorts many degrees further south

In Torquay Devon has a great possession, for it is one of the most delightful and beautiful spots in a lovely country, and whether the holiday-maker needs a mild and equable climate for the cure of some ailment, is in search of a beautiful spot in which to rest awhile, or desires gaiety and amusement indoor and out, he or she will undoubtedly find all these things at Torquay.

Seen from the sea the town, with its white villas climbing up the hillsides set amid green and semi-tropical foliage, presents an appearance similar to that of one on the Riviera, and its fine harbour and wonderful Tor Bay adds charm to the picture.

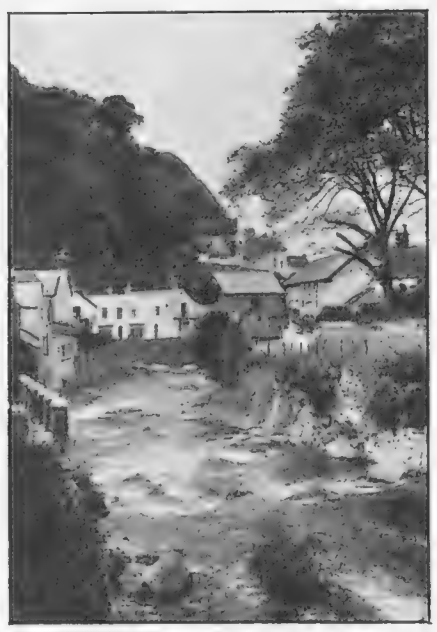
Although primarily a winter resort, in spring and autumn it is delightful, and even in summer the fact that it is so open to the sea provides one with a climate not oppressively hot. And Torquay as matter of fact has more than one climate, depending upon where one stays. The life of the town may be said to centre in three distinct areas—that of the bustling and pleasant High Street; of the harbour, in summer crowded with graceful yachts and other craft, and Tor Abbey sands, where there is some of the finest bathing to be had in the whole of the West Country. Someone has said "Torquay is a town unique for its loveliness, its air of well-being, and well-ordered life."

The suburbs of Oddicombe and Babb combe, though actually part of the tow are quite different in character. To th beauty of situation is added the quietu which is very rest and sought for by so types of holiday-mak and they have delight beaches. Both can reached from Torqu either on foot along t pleasant cliff paths wi magnificent views coast and harbour or the tramways.

The Bathing a Medical Establishment situated near the ha bour, and possesses a fi ball-room, in which *Th Dansants* and eveni dances are held, a where are the hea quarters of the famo Tor Bay Yacht Club.

It is not easy, indee to exaggerate either t beauty of the town wi its tree-shaded roads a its gardens full of flowers, or of t magnificent Tor Bay, the waters of whi are of so deep a blue, and when sunl remind the traveller of those of Medite ranean haunts. Then there is the wo derful Rock Walk with its beautif

THE CENTRE OF THE PILCHARD IN DUSTRY: St. Ives, which, in addition t its commercial importance, is a beauty spo of note



ONE OF DEVON'S LOVELIEST VILLAGES: Lynmouth, on the North Coast of the Red County

flowers and sub-tropical foliage, and he invalids may enjoy a climate appro mating to that of the South of Franc while those who are robust and like bracing air can find it on Babbacom Downs near by.

The impression left on the mind visitors to Torquay is of a singula beautiful town, whose development a life are both in keeping with the natu beauty with which it has been gift Sports and pastimes of all kinds a available, as is also hunting in the imm diate neighbourhood, and inland a many enchanting villages and a delig ful countryside comprising some of t most beautiful scenery of lovely Devo

From Torquay it is quite easy nov days to explore the loveliness Dartmoor, with its wide expanses purple heather, patches of golden gor bracken-clad hillsides, crystal-cle streams, charming little vales, and ma nificent, often cloud-capped tors. Mo tonhampstead is a most excellent cent from which to make one's exploratio and now at the new Manor House Ho one has a replica of a Jacobean mansio set amid some of the loveliest scenery all Devon, with extensive grounds, ten and other amusements, golf in the neig bourhood, a bathing-pool, and all t amenities of a luxurious home.

Far to the West and within the histo Duchy of Cornwall lies Penzance, the curve of lovely Mount's Bay with fine view of historic Mount St. Micha crowned by its abbey, and with its quai village nestling at its foot. Penzan offers the holiday-maker many attractio of an up-to-date seaside resort, with quaintness and charm arising from a which has come down from the ti when sea rovers and French pirat used to pay the port periodic visits a

CORNISH Grandeur.

the "Red County" and the "Duchy"

HOLLAND

rastate its shores. All kinds of out-door usements are provided—golf, boating, ling, fishing, tennis, and bathing, to hich are added coursing and horse-ing. Here the climate even in winter delightful; in spring it is the more so, d in summer, because of its aspect and e sea, is bracing. Lovely flowers begin bloom here when winter is lingering in e Midlands and Eastern England, and t without overcoats in the fine Morrab rdens at Christmastide is no unusual perience.

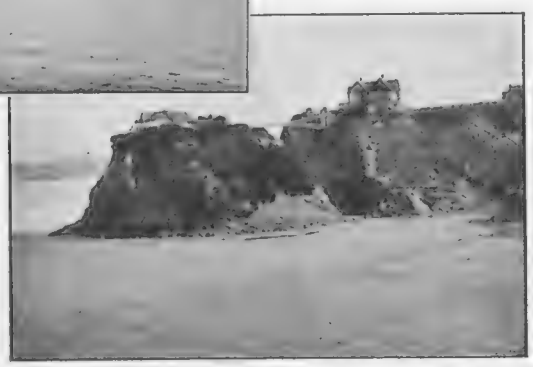
There is a fine Promenade along the re of Mount's Bay, a Pavilion in which ncerts are given, picturesque gardens d other attractions within sight of the and in full view of the wonders of unt's Bay, and, of course, Penzance rs many attractions for visiting such uty spots as quaint Mousehole, with memories of the visits of sea rovers and ugglers and wonderful Land's End.

t. Ives is set in a wild and romantic stretch of country of rather bare

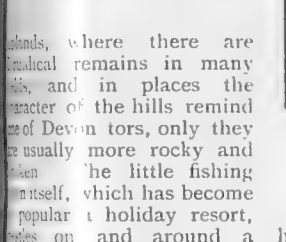
Almost midway along the coast between Newquay and Bude lies Tintagel, the very home of romance and the seat of the Arthurian legend. It is not easy to say what constitutes the lure of Tintagel unless it be he glamour of King Arthur and his knights, for little remains of his stronghold on the great headland. But no one forgets Tintagel who has seen it, we think, on a day of sea mist riven by gleams of sunshine. It is then that the spirit of Arthur seems to haunt the place.

North Devon, with its lovely scenery and charming resorts—Ilfracombe, with its fine bathing beach, and magnificent Tors Walk and ancient fishermen's chapel on its isolated rock; beautiful Lynton on its green-clad cliffs; and Lynmouth, at the mouth of the two rivers, nestling at its feet, a spot of great loveliness; Minehead, with its charm of quietude; to mention only a few—must not be overlooked. Woolacombe Bay, near Morthoe, deserves special mention.

To Pembrokeshire from the Cornish coast may seem a far cry, but yearly more and more people are finding their way thither to that portion of Wales which from its position and scenery most reminds one of Cornwall



CORNWALL'S SEA-SET JEWEL: St. Michael's Mount which faces a similar formation similarly named off the Breton Coast



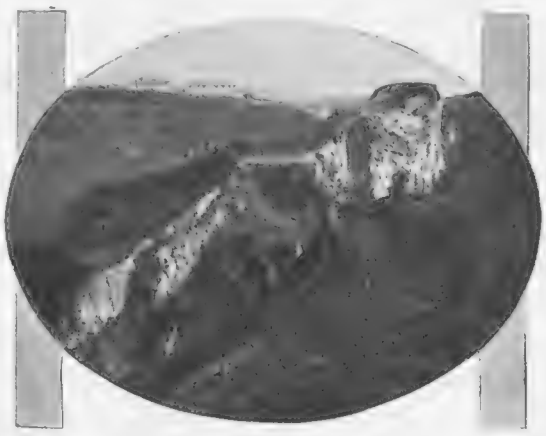
lands, where there are adical remains in many lls, and in places the aracter of the hills remind e of Devon tors, only they e usually more rocky and ken. The little fishing n itself, which has become popular holiday resort, ses on and around a hill and all peninsula, and its white houses and out with strange sharpness when e first bell olds them. Here, too, as in ther parts of favoured Cornwall, beauti- flowers bloom ere Christmas is for- ten, and sub-tropical foliage flourishes St. Ives may be described as an "old ncient town" with much history of a kind nshrined in its stones, now a very quaint nd restful resort with a beautiful sea, nd so much of picturesqueness left that many artists come and settle here. The er portion of the town is built on the es of the gently-rising slopes around e harbour and the newer ouses are mostly found on e top of the cliff which verhangs the fine bathing aches on either side of the eninsula, one known as orthminster, which has azzling white sands, and orth Meor which is also andy, but here one gets resher breezes, and Atlantic llers provide fine surf athing. It is above Porth- minster, surrounded by oods that stands the beau- ful Tregenna Castle Hotel, nce a manor house, set in extensive grounds and enjoy- ng magnificent views. There are facilities for the usual sports and amusements, and ne golfing is to be enjoyed ose at hand.

Newquay is undoubtedly one of the finest and most njoyable seaside resorts on e coast of North Corn- all. Its magnificent situation, partly on a great jutting promontory where ocean's breezes blow and where sunshine bathes e fine stretches of sand, and against its cliffs beat deep blue ocean's surges, while Atlantic rollers give opportunity for ealth-giving surf bathing that is the best reason for a seaside holiday.

A RESORT OF NORTH CORNWALL: One of the lovely moments in Newquay, which enjoys great popularity

Fishguard and Goodwick, for one must join the two, have too long been comparatively unknown to holiday-makers and thought of only as a port of embarkation for Ireland. The two towns face each other across a pleasant bay and are connected by a good road. Fishguard is an ancient and important market town as well as a port. Goodwick is a pleasant holiday resort, affording the usual amusements and facilities for outdoor sports and pastimes, with much lovely scenery in the immediate neighbourhood and many antiquarian and historical interests. It has an equable climate, and is becoming a favourite resort with those in search of healthy outdoor life, sports, and bracing air.

In the Fishguard Bay Hotel, set amid charming surroundings on the side of a beautifully wooded hill, visitors have an unusually pleasant place of residence.



KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE: The imposing ruins on the iron cliffs of Tintagel, North Cornwall

FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON TO BATH

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The Glorious Cotswolds

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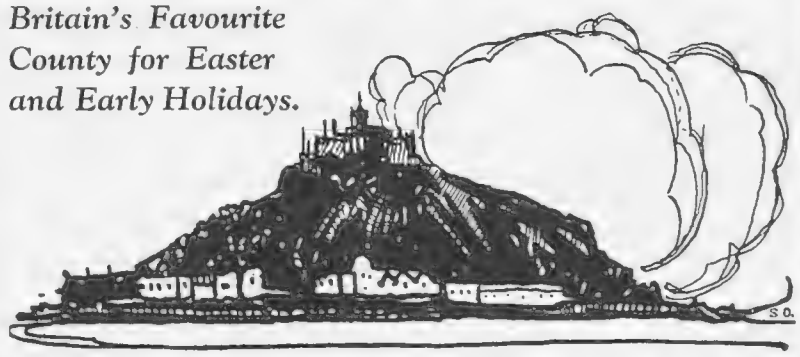

THE CORNISH RIVIERA

THE wonderful coast scenery of romantic Cornwall, with its rugged rocks, delightful coves, and old-world villages, affords material for the type of holiday that no other travel experience can efface from the memory. Apart from its unsurpassed scenic attractions the climate is remarkable for its mildness and equability, rendering the county the best in every way for holidays or residence at Easter and in the early months of the year.

"THE CORNISH RIVIERA"

(By S. P. B. Mais)

A beautifully illustrated travel book (price 1/- paper covers or 2/6 bound), also train service and fare information, can be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2

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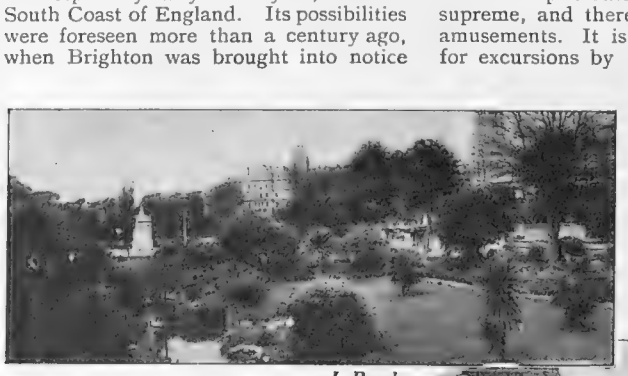
ON THE SUNSHINE COAST

Delightful Resorts of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire

There is no better holiday ground, especially early in the year, than the South Coast of England. Its possibilities were foreseen more than a century ago, when Brighton was brought into notice by the patronage given it in the reign of George III by the then Prince of Wales; and in response to the demand then created for seaside resorts, others in the succeeding years sprang up, waxed great and flourished.



J. Reade
THE TOWN OF CHINE AND SHINE: The Upper Gardens, Bournemouth

Folkestone, happily placed on one of the most pleasant and picturesque stretches of the Kentish coast, has long enjoyed a reputation for brightness, sunshine, and health-giving breezes that draws year by year holiday-makers in increasing numbers from all parts of the United Kingdom.

It has distinctive features of charm and beauty that have given it a character of its own. The busy harbour, with the coming and going of the cross-Channel boats, the delightful gardens on the sea front, the pier, the magnificent new building erected by the corporation, situated on the Leas known as Leas Cliff Hall, with its fine band, entertainment hall seating some 2,000 people, the facilities for bathing, especially at the Warren, where there is a delightfully rural pool in the cliff, are but a few of the attractions that Folkestone has to offer in addition to the usual ones of a fashionable and up-to-date resort. Games reign supreme, and there are the usual indoor amusements. It is, too, a capital centre for excursions by motor-coach or one's own car.

Sussex offers many resorts of charm. Hastings, with its fine air, splendid beach, its extensive sea promenade, theatre, piers, numerous cinemas, facilities for dancing,

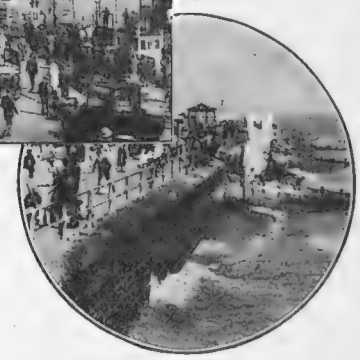
ATTRACTIVE EASTBOURNE: A view of the sunny sea-front of this charming resort with the pier and bandstand in background

and the handsome new pavilion for concerts and entertainments, caters for all classes of holiday-maker, and makes all welcome. It has an atmosphere of brightness and life that strikes the happy medium between the "popular" resorts with no other definite policy than that of attracting the crowd and those which are "quiet," and rely on purely natural attractions, and are by the younger holiday-makers voted dull.

Then there is Eastbourne that has been not inaptly named "the Queen of Watering Places." Its clientèle throughout its history has been of the more select kind. Its natural beauty of situation has been well preserved. Its front has an air of exclusiveness, and it has just the atmosphere that attracts the holiday-maker in search of amusement, a fine climate, pleasant surroundings, and an absence of the "tripper" element that spoils for people of quieter tastes so many resorts. Devonshire Park with its fine trees, winter garden, pavilion, theatre, cricket ground, tennis courts, and other amusements, the extensive bowling greens, the excellent shops, and Beachy Head and the lovely country inland serve to make Eastbourne an ideal place for a holiday.

Bognor, further westward along the sunny Sussex coast, needs little to be said of its health-giving characteristics and other attractions. The fact that it was chosen as the one spot for His Majesty the King's convalescence is a sufficient indication of its merits. It has become known as "the Children's Paradise" because of its magnificent sands, safe bathing, and facilities for games of all kinds. The surroundings are charming, for delightful villages nestle in the hollows of the South Downs, and historic Arundel and Chichester with its cathedral are close by.

LONDON BY THE SEA: Brighton, the "Big Parade" of the South Coast



RECENTLY RAISED TO ROYAL RANK: Bognor Regis of joyous memory

Bournemouth has long been one of the greatest and most popular holiday resorts on the South Coast. Set in the centre of a most beautiful bay, with miles of clean, yellow sands backed by one of the most extensive and finest marine drives in the kingdom, it may well attract. And to these things must be added much natural beauty and a general picturesqueness that never fails to charm. It has two piers, with, in the season, a fine service of steamers plying east and west along the coast; several parks where nature has only been trained and not obliterated, and beautiful pleasure gardens run right through the centre of the town. There are facilities for every kind of outdoor and indoor amusement—golf (two courses in the town, several near by), tennis, boating, bathing, bowls, two theatres, cinemas, dance halls, and last but by no means least a fine new pavilion with concert hall for the splendid municipal orchestra, restaurant, and tea rooms, from the terrace of the later of which there are fine views. Bournemouth has long been known as "the Garden City of the South," and as a place with the most beautiful natural surroundings, with its fragrant pines, its precipitous chines, and its smooth sweep of sometimes hidden usually halcyon sea. As an excursion centre it is unrivalled, with the New Forest, lovely Poole Harbour, and the beautiful and interesting Hardy country close at hand awaiting exploration. Bournemouth is a good place to go to at all times of the year, but never more so than in the spring, when its beauties are perhaps at their very best.—C. H.

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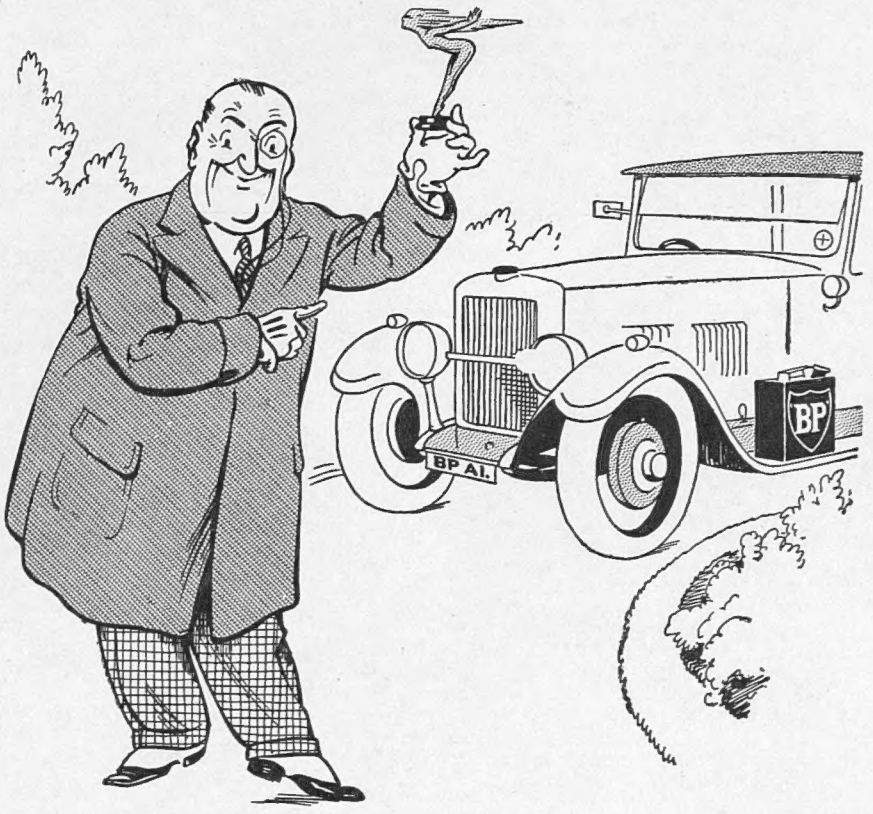
Popular Phrases Illustrated

Giving it a miss



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Since I used new 'BP'
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It is economical to buy BRONCO. There are 800 sheets to the roll. "Cheap" rolls contain only about one-third this quantity.

THE "G. AND S." SOUVENIR

The conclusion of the Savoyard season, which occurs to-night, will be marked by the presentation to the audience of an exquisitely produced *brochure* in colour. This is composed not only of photographic reproductions of the actual scenes but of colour sketches of the new Sheringham costumes. The first page is inscribed with the names of all the artists who have participated in the season October 21, 1929–March 22, 1930. Despite new dresses and a newly dressed theatre, most of the actors and actresses were familiar figures in G. and S.; but the constant freshness of Gilbert's rhymes and Sullivan's melodies, and the unhackneyed brilliance, the unstaled verve of the performers, contributed to the phenomenal success of the season.

LOWESTOFT

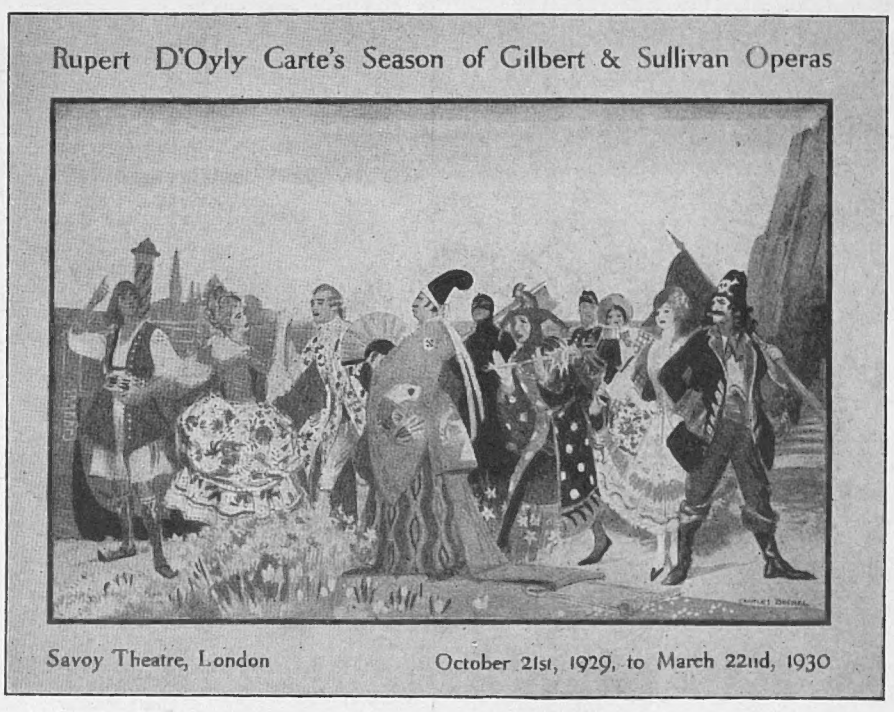
Lowestoft has long been known as pre-eminently a seaside health resort as well as a holiday town of a popular and delightful kind. Now they say that it owes its beneficent effect upon the jaded and the searcher after renewed health not alone to its bracing North Sea air, but also to the presence of a remarkably high percentage—far more, indeed, than any other popular resort—of ultra-violet rays in its sunshine. To the usual attractions of fine sands, a pier, safe bathing, and sports and pastimes of all kinds, including golf, it adds those of an interesting neighbourhood and its proximity to the famous Broads.

BUXTON

Buxton although so modern a place and so up-to-date as a "cure" station and delightful inland holiday resort, set in the midst of some of the finest scenery of the Peak district, is of very ancient origin. Its springs and radio-active waters were known to the Romans, and their beneficial effect in cases of rheumatism and allied disorders are far-famed. But Buxton, with its fine pavilion, beautiful gardens, and charming situation, with facilities for all kinds of outdoor and indoor amusements, is far more than a place for invalids. It is a delightful place to visit, with beautiful Dovedale, Miller's Dale, and Monsal Dale close at hand, and numberless beauty spots for walks and excursions within easy distance.

A SHORT CUT TO BUSINESS PROGRESS

If enterprise is the antidote to trade depression, now is the time for its adoption. Enterprise is in any event essential to business progress, and it is attended with the best results when it has for its object the establishing of a link between buyers and sellers. It is therefore of the greatest importance that they should be able to get into quick touch by letter, 'phone, or telegram. Obviously this would involve the possession of numerous books of reference and labour of a tedious character. But the existence of Sell's Directory of Telegraphic Addresses, of which the 1930 issue has just been published, renders the task easy. It is first and last a comprehensive guide to the principal commercial houses in this country. It tells you their telegraphic address and telephone numbers giving the names of well over 100,000 firms grouped in three different ways. Published by Business Dictionaries, Ltd., 8 and 9, Johnson's Court, London, E.C. —45s. net.



SOUVENIR OF THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SEASON: The cover of the special souvenir to be given away to-night (March 22) at the termination of the Savoy season

BACHELORS ARE DIFFERENT

A new cigarette which will contribute materially to the popularity of John Player and Sons has just been introduced. It is the Bachelor, a Virginia cigarette—smooth, cool and delightfully mild—made with the same care and regard to quality to which Player's products owe their fame. Not content with giving smokers a new delight, the manufacturers have gone out of their way to present it in a most attractive manner. The red box, opening flat and giving easy access to the cigarettes, is entirely new, and its convenience is as sure to win favour with the fair sex as the Bachelors will add a new lustre to the time-honoured name that stands behind them.

HONOUR TO A GREAT COUTURIER

Monsieur Jean Charles Worth has obtained the Croix de la Legion d'Honneur as one of the active members of the Committee of Exhibition and Committee for Exterior Commerce of Travel of France.

AN OMISSION

On p. 176 of the issue of THE SPHERE of February 1 two of the illustrations to the article, "Doldrum Days on a Windjammer," by Captain Frank H. Shaw, were reproduced from paintings by Mr. Charles R. Patterson of New York. Owing to an unfortunate oversight Mr. Patterson's name, and that of the *Mentor Magazine* of America, wherein they were also reproduced, were omitted. THE SPHERE takes this opportunity of presenting its apologies for the *contretemps*.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A very large sum of money is required to feed, clothe, and educate over 1,100 boys and girls. This is what the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship is always doing, and the Society depends largely on voluntary contributions for its income. Will you please send a donation, or what is better still, become an annual subscriber? Please send your gifts to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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March 22, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

"On the table, among the crumbs, was a pile of crystal beads, remnants of the spray of jewelled flowers. That, in my remembrance, is the first motif in the history of MEIN SCHATZ."

• • •

"I waited while she slipped away to put on her hat. I let her catch my arm and lead me. I went. My pen, which she had taken, was left with my manuscript on the chair beside the stove.

"That evening, after dinner, when I came to look for it, it was on the floor and (I have no idea how) broken. The ink that had run out of it had dried. I can still see the fragments of that pen, broken, lying on the uneven boards in the middle of a stain of dried ink.

That picture is another motif in the history of MEIN SCHATZ.

• • •

There is a third, a fourth and a last motif in this enthralling short story—MEIN SCHATZ by Geoffrey Moss.

Other fine short stories and articles in this issue:

"GETHSEMANE" by Dean Eltham
"DANGER" by May Edginton
"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY — "MAROZIA"
"TOUTING" by May Edginton
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED" by Ruth Teazle
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt Hon. Sir William Bull
"GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
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